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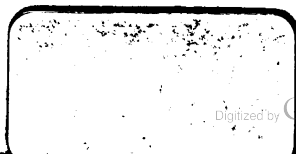
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## *A collection of old ballads*

Ambrose Philips, James Roberts,  
Arthur Bettesworth, James Woodman, J. Stag



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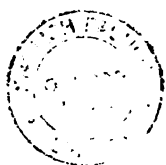






A  
COLLECTION  
OF OLD  
BALLADS, &c.









*J. Pine inv. S. Sulp. sculp.*

A  
COLLECTION  
OF OLD  
BALLADS.

Corrected from the best and most  
Ancient COPIES Extant.

WITH  
INTRODUCTIONS  
HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,  
OR HUMOROUS.

---

*Illustrated with* COPPER PLATES.

---

*Let no nice Sir despise the hapless Dame,  
Because Recording BALLADS chaunt her Name.  
Those Venerable Ancient Song-Enditers  
Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers.  
With rough Majestick Force they mov'd the Heart,  
And Strength and Nature make amends for Art.*

ROWE.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts ; and sold by J. Brotherton in  
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Hall. M DCC XXIII.







# THE P R E F A C E .

**H**ERE is not a more ungrateful Tribute any where paid, than what is generally expected by the Publick, from an Author in his Preface. Something he must say, tho' he cannot say any thing to the Purpose; and a half Sheet of Paper at least must be taken up; with pointing

A 2

*ing out the Beauties of his Book, and begging the courteous Reader not to damn it: Tho' probably the poor Writer does not know where to find out these Beauties, or has not the least Reason to expect, but what his Book will be damn'd.*

*The fulsome Praises which a Modern Author is often obliged to bestow in a Dedication, must certainly be very grating to a generous Soul; but then the Hopes of being well paid for his Pains, is some Ease to his Conscience: But to court and flatter every Reader — and not have a Farthing the more for one's Trouble — is hard, is unconscionable.*

*As for my Part, I have not been accustomed to servile Fawning, and begging the Question; and am fully determin'd not to begin now. I would always put my self upon the Level with a Reader, and think my self under no manner of Obligation: I have his Money, and he has my Works; and I am sure he may keep the one in his Study, much longer than I shall the other in my Pocket. If  
there*

*there be any Beauties in the Book, 'tis certainly his Business to find them out; and if there be'n't — why, he can't say I cheated him: I never pretended to give him any thing more than an old Song.*

*But as the greatest Part of this Book is not my own, and several things in it written Ages ago, I may, I hope, without either Vanity or Offence enter upon the Praises of Ballads, and shew their Antiquity.*

*I would not be thought to ridicule any thing in Sacred Writ, and therefore I will pass over in Silence, what I might say of the Times of Moses, Jephthah and David, and go directly amongst the Pagans. And here the very Prince of Poets, old Homer, if we may trust ancient Records, was nothing more than a blind Ballad-finger, who writ Songs of the Siege of Troy, and the Adventures of Ulysses; and playing the Tunes upon his Harp, sung from Door to Door, till at his Death somebody thought fit to collect all his Ballads, and by a little con-*

*necting 'em, gave us the Iliad and Odyf-  
ses, which since that Time have been so  
much admired. And in those very Days,  
if we may trust the succeeding Poets, no  
Entertainment was thought compleat,  
unless whilst the Company was carouzing,  
there was a Harper in the Room singing  
old Songs ; at least written upon old Sub-  
jects. Thus we find Virgil in the Ac-  
count he gives of Dido's treating Æ-  
neas.*

—————Citharâ crinitus fopas

Perfonat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas  
Hic canit.

*And this the Archbishop of Cambray has  
imitated, when he makes Calypso entertain  
Telemachus and Mentor in the Grotto.  
His Words are these.*

“ At the same time were brought in  
“ Baskets, all sorts of Fruits promised  
“ by the Spring, and ripened by the  
“ Autumn. And then Four youthful  
“ Nymphs began to sing. At first  
“ they sung, *the Combat of the Gods*  
“ *against*

“ *against the Giants; then the Amours*  
“ *of Jupiter and Semele; the Birth of*  
“ *Bacchus, and old Silenus’s Care in*  
“ *educating him; Hippomenes and*  
“ *Atalanta’s Race; she who was van-*  
“ *quish’d by the enticing Hue of Ap-*  
“ *ples from the Hesperian Garden cull’d.*  
“ *And last the Trojan War was also*  
“ *fung, Ulysses’s Fights and Counsels*  
“ *rais’d to Heaven: The chief of all*  
“ *the Nymphs, Leucothoe, to those*  
“ *melodious Voices join’d the sweet-*  
“ *ness of her Lute.*

*It would be endless, to prove that the  
several Poets whose Bustos I have put  
in my Frontispiece, were Ballad-Writers:  
For what else can we make of Pindar’s  
Lyrics? Anacreon would never sit down  
contented without his Bottle and his  
Song. Horace could drop the Praises of  
Augustus and Mæcenæ, to sing the Adven-  
tures of his Journey to Brandufium, and  
the\* Baulk he met with from a Servant*

---

\* Book I. Satyr 5.

*Wench in a Country Alehouse; and this Song of his it was, which gave Occasion to a modern Ballad amongst us, called, The Coy Cook-maid. Cowley has left too many Works of this Kind to need quoting; and Suckling's Wedding will never be forgot.*

*The Ballad-Makers are a more ancient, more numerous, and more noble Society than the boasted Free-Masons; and Duke upon Duke will witness, that People of Considerable Fashion have thought it no Disgrace to enroll themselves in this Worshipful Society.*

*Nor have these antique Songs ever been without their Admirers. When Thebes was sack'd, Pindar was spar'd for the Sake of his Works; and Alexander wept, to think his Age did not afford so clever a Ballad singer as Homer had been, to record his Actions to Posterity.*

*It was the Custom of these Song Enditers thus to transmit to their Children the glorious Actions which happen'd in  
their*

*their Days. And I believe it never was used more than amongst the English in Times of old. For we may very reasonably suppose, that one half at least of their Works are lost; and we have still one half of whatever is remarkable in History, handed down to us in Ballads.*

*The Use of these Songs too is very great. I have known Children, who never would have learn'd to read, had they not took a Delight in poring over Jane Shore, or Fair Rosamond; and several fine Historians are indebted to Historical Ballads for all their Learning. For had not Curiosity, and a Desire of comparing these Poetical Works with ancient Records, first incited them to it, they never would have given themselves the Trouble of diving into History: And in this I have endeavoured to make our old Songs still more useful, by the Introductions which I have prefix'd to 'em; and in which is pointed out what is Fact and what Fiction. Should my Design succeed, a Second Collection, and in which there are several Songs more antique than  
the*



*the Generality of these, will soon make its Appearance; if not, I'll sit down contented with my present Loss, and, like several of my Grubstreet Brethren, rail at the ignorant World, and resolve to write no more for its Instruction.*



A TA-



A  
T A B L E  
O F  
B A L L A D S

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A

COLLECTION

OF OLD

BALLADS.



I. The *Unfortunate Concubine* ; or,  
*Rosamond's Overthrow.*

Occasion'd by her Brother's unadvisedly praising  
her Beauty to Two young Knights of *Salisbury*,  
as they rid on the Road.

---

To the Tune of *The Court Lady.*

---

*Rosamond, the Daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, was, as the Writers of that Age assure us, a young Lady of infinite Beauty ; on the bare Report of which, King Henry the Second fell in Love with her, and having*

B de-

*debauch'd her, built the famous Bower at Woodstock, to keep her out of the Reach of his jealous Queen Eleanor; of whom I shall, in one of my following Introductions, have Occasion to speak. 'Tis but a few Years since there were some Remains of this Bower to be seen, hard by that Noble Palace of the late Duke of Marlborough, Bleinheim-Castle; and in one of the adjacent Meads, they still shew us Rosamond's Pond, where (they say) she was wont to bathe her self. However, this is a Point (if I may dwell on such a Trifle) scarce to be believ'd, unless she made use of Cold Baths; for the Waters are some of the coldest I ever felt; issuing directly out of a Rock, or flinty Mountain, and falling into a Square Bason some Three or Four Foot deep. However, the jealous Queen found the Means of compassing her Ends even in this Place: For King Henry the III<sup>d</sup>, who by his Father's Indulgence had been crown'd in his Life-time, rebell'd in Normandy; and the Queen perswaded Two more of her Sons to join their Brother, which they did; and Henry II. was obliged to cross the Seas, to quell the rebellious Princes. During this Time, the Queen (who resided at the Royal Palace in Oxford) undertook to see Rosamond; which she effected, not by murdering the Guards of the Bower, and being then guided into it by a*  
*Clue*

*Clue of Thread, as has erroneously been believ'd ; but by a subterraneous Way, digg'd from Godstow Nunnery to Woodstock Bower, tho' Five Miles distant from each other, and carried even under the Isis, anavigable River.*

*The Plot of Mr. Addison's Opera on this Subject, is generally believ'd a Poetical Fiction ; because he does not kill Rosamond, but supposes her to be carry'd away to the Nunnery alive: However, I believe, he has better Authority for this, than most People have for affirming that the Queen poison'd her, and that she dy'd on the Spot. Certain it is, she did not live long, at least not in the Bower, after this Visit ; for, dead or alive, she was brought by the same subterraneous Passage into the Nunnery, the Entrance of which is still to be seen amongst its Ruins. The Walls of the Chapel Choir (where she lies interr'd) are standing : Her Grave is mark'd round with a narrow Ridge of Stone, and on the Wall is writ,*

*Hic jacet in Tumulo Rosamunda, non Rosa  
Mundi ;  
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*

*And several of the Letters having (thro' Injury of Time) been defaced, have lately been repair'd. This Lady had Two Sons by the King : the Eldest, William, marry'd the Daughter and sole Heiress of the Earl*



*of Salisbury ; the other, Geoffrey, was first made Bishop of Lincoln, afterwards Archbishop of York ; and died in Banishment during the Reign of his Brother, King John.*



WEET, youthful, charming Ladies fair,  
Fram'd of the purest Mold,  
With rosy Cheeks, and silken Hair,  
Which shine like Threads of Gold :

Soft Tears of Pity here bestow  
On the unhappy Fate  
Of *Rosamond*, who long ago  
Prov'd most unfortunate.

When as the Second *Henry* reign'd  
On the Imperial Throne,  
How he this beauteous Flower gain'd,  
To you I shall make known :  
With all the Circumstances too  
Which did her Life attend ;  
How first she into Favour grew,  
And of her fatal End.

As Three young Knights of *Sal'sbury*  
Were riding on the way,  
One boasted of a fair Lady,  
Within her Bow'r so gay :  
I have a Sister, *Clifford* swears,  
But few Men do her know ;  
Upon her Face, the Skin appears  
Like Drops of Blood on Snow :

My

My Sister's Locks of curled Hair  
 Outshine the golden Oar ;  
 Her Skin for Whiteness may compare  
 With the fine Lilly Flow'r :  
 Her Breasts are lovely to behold,  
 Like to the driven Snow :  
 I would not, for her Weight in Gold,  
 King *Henry* should her know.

King *Henry* had a Bower near  
 Where they were riding by,  
 And he did *Clifford* overhear :  
 Thought he immediately,  
 Tho' I her Brother shou'd offend  
 For that fair White and Red ;  
 For her I am resolv'd to fend,  
 To grace my Royal Bed.

The King, who was of high Renown,  
 Wou'd not his Fancy pall ;  
 For having writ his Pleasure down,  
 He did young *Clifford* call ;  
 Come here to me now out of hand,  
 Come hither unto me ;  
 I am the King of fair *England*,  
 My Messenger thou'lt be :

I to your Sister here have writ  
 Three Letters seal'd with Gold ;  
 No Messenger I think so fit  
 As you : Therefore, behold,  
 Convey them to her Hand with speed ;  
 Make not the least delay :  
 My Will and Pleasure let her read,  
 And my Commands obey.

Young *Clifford* then the Letters took  
 From *Henry's* Royal Hand,  
 Tho' with a melancholy Look,  
 And mounted out of hand :

Soft Tears bedimn'd his noble Sight,  
 His grieved Heart was sad ;  
 Altho' he was as brave a Knight  
 As any *Henry* had.

With that, this noble Knight of Fame  
 Rode on without delay,  
 Until he to the Bower came,  
 Which was both rich and gay :  
 She cry'd, when he knock'd at the Ring,  
 Who raps so fierce and bold ?  
 Sister, I've brought you from the King  
 Three Letters seal'd with Gold.

Then with her Fingers, long and small,  
 She broke the Seals of Gold ;  
 And as she did to reading fall  
 At first, you might behold  
 The Smiles of pleasant sweet Delight,  
 As if well satisfy'd ;  
 But e're she had concluded quite,  
 She wrung her Hands, and cry'd :

Why did you boast beyond your Bounds,  
 When *Oxford* you did see ?  
 You might have talk'd of Hawks and Hounds,  
 And never bragg'd of me.  
 When by the King I am defil'd,  
 My Father's Grievs begin ;  
 He'll have no Comfort of his Child,  
 Nor come to my Wedding.

Go, fetch me down my Planet-Book  
 Straight from my private Room ;  
 For in the same I mean to look,  
 What is decreed my Doom.  
 The Planet-Book to her they brought,  
 And laid it on her Knee ;  
 She found that all would come to nought,  
 For poison'd she should be.

I curfe

I curse you, Brother, then she cry'd,  
 Who caus'd my Destiny ;  
 I might have been some Lord's fair Bride,  
 But you have ruin'd me.  
 With that, she call'd her Waiting-Maid,  
 To bring her Riding Weed ;  
 And to her Groom she likewise said,  
 Saddle my milk-white Steed.

Some rid before her, to report  
 Her coming to the King :  
 As she approach'd the Royal Court,  
 Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.  
 A Garland o're her Head they bore,  
 To magnify her Charms ;  
 And as she came the King before,  
 He clasp'd her in his Arms.

With Blushes then she did beseech  
 The King on her bare Knee ;  
 Her Words were these, I pray, my Liege,  
 What is your Will with me ?  
 Said he, I sent for thee, my *Rose*,  
 To grace my Royal Bed :  
 Now, as he did his Mind disclose,  
 She blush'd Scarlet red.

Blush not, my fairest *Rosamond* ;  
 Fear no unhappy Fate ;  
 For, by my Kingly Pow'r, I can  
 Place thee in happy State :  
 No Lady in this Court of mine  
 Can purchase thy Desert ;  
 Whose pleasant Looks, and Charms divine,  
 Have won my Royal Heart.

The Gifts and Presents of a King,  
 Soon caus'd her to comply ;  
 Thinking there was not any Thing  
 Like Royal Dignity.

But as her bright and golden Scene  
 In Court began to shine,  
 The News was carry'd to the Queen  
 Of this new Concubine :

At which she was enraged so  
 With Malice in her Breast,  
 That till she wrought her Overthrow,  
 She could not be at Rest.  
 She felt the Fury of the Queen,  
 E're she had flourish'd long ;  
 And dy'd, just as she had foreseen,  
 By force of Poyson strong.

The angry Queen, with Malice fraught,  
 Cou'd not her self contain,  
 Till she fair *Rosamond* had brought  
 To her sad fatal Bane.  
 The sweet and charming precious *Rose*,  
 King *Henry's* chief Delight !  
 The Queen she to the Bower goes,  
 And wrought her hateful Spite :

But when she to the Bower came,  
 Where Lady *Clifford* lay,  
 Enraged *Ellinor* by Name  
 She could not find the Way ;  
 Until the filken Clue of Thread  
 Became a fatal Guide  
 Unto the Queen ; who laid her dead,  
 E're she was satisfy'd.

Alas ! it was no small Surprise  
 To *Rosamond* the fair,  
 When Death appear'd before her Eyes,  
 No faithful Friend was there,  
 Who could stand up in her Defence,  
 To put the Potion by ;  
 So, by the Hands of Violence,  
 Compell'd she was to dye.

O most

O most renowned, gracious Queen,  
 Compaffion take of me ;  
 I wifh that I had never feen  
 Such Royal Dignity.  
 Betray'd I was, and by degrees  
 A fad Conſent I gave ;  
 And now, upon my bended Knees,  
 I do your Pardon crave.

I will not pardon you, ſhe cry'd ;  
 So take this fatal Cup :  
 And you may well be ſatisfy'd ;  
 I'll ſee you drink it up.  
 Then, with her fair and milk-white Hand,  
 The fatal Cup ſhe took ;  
 Which being drank, ſhe could not ſtand,  
 But ſoon the World forfook.

Now when the King was well inform'd  
 What *Ellinor* had done,  
 His Breſt he ſmote, in wrath he ſtorm'd,  
 As if he would have run  
 Beſides his Senſes ; and he ſwore,  
 For this inhuman Deed,  
 He never would bed with her more ;  
 His Royal Heart did bleed.

The King did not ſtand paufing long,  
 How to reward her Spleen ;  
 But ſtraight in a cloſe Priſon ſtrong  
 He caſt his cruel Queen :  
 Where ſhe lay Six and twenty Years,  
 A long Captivity,  
 Bathed in Floods of weeping Tears,  
 Till his Death ſet her free.

Now when her Son he did ſucceed  
 His Father, Great *Henry* ;  
 His Royal Mother ſoon he freed  
 From her Captivity :

And she fet many more at large,  
Who long for Debt had lain ;  
Her Royal Pity did discharge  
Thouſands in *Richard's* Reign.





## II. A Lamentable Ballad of Fair *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the Second's Concubine.

*The following Song is much older, and more beautiful than the former ; and I should rather have chosen to have begun my Collection with this, had not the Order of History (for it begins with a much earlier Account of Rosamond) requir'd the other to be plac'd first. I have nothing to add by way of Preface here, save that having taken the Liberty to contradict the Truth of several Facts, I must (to the Honour of our Ballads) say, that Mr. Addison (than whom no one could be suppos'd to be better acquainted with History) seems in his Opera of Rosamond, to have as much Regard to the Authority of these Old Songs, as to that of the best Historians.*

**W**hen as King *Henry* rul'd this Land,  
 The Second of that Name,  
 Besides the Queen, he dearly lov'd  
 A fair and comely Dame.

Most



Most peerless was her Beauty found,  
 Her Favour, and her Face ;  
 A sweeter Creature in this World  
 Could never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks, like Threads of Gold,  
 Appear'd to each Man's Sight ;  
 Her sparkling Eyes, like Orient Pearls,  
 Did cast a heav'nly Light.  
 The Blood within her crystal Cheeks  
 Did such a Colour drive,  
 As tho' the Lilly and the Rose  
 For Mastership did strive.

Yea, *Rosalmond*, fair *Rosalmond*,  
 Her Name was called so,  
 To whom our Queen, Dame *Ellenor*,  
 Was known a deadly Foe.  
 The King therefore, for her Defence,  
 Against the furious Queen,  
 Did such a Bow'r at *Woodstock* build,  
 The like was never seen.

Most curiously that Bow'r was built  
 Of Stone and Timber strong,  
 An Hundreded and fifty Doors  
 Did to this Bow'r belong ;  
 And they so cunningly contriv'd  
 With turning round about,  
 That none, but with a Clue of Thread,  
 Could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Lady's Sake,  
 That was so fair and bright,  
 The keeping of this Bow'r he gave  
 Unto a valiant Knight.  
 But Fortune, that doth often frown  
 Where she before did smile,  
 The King's Delight, the Lady's Joy  
 Full soon she did beguile.

For

For why, the King's ungracious Son,  
 Whom he did high advance,  
 Against his Father raised Wars  
 Within the Realm of *France*.  
 But yet before our gracious King  
 The *English* Land forfook,  
 Of *Rofamond*, his Lady fair,  
 His Farewel thus he took :

My *Rofamond*, my only *Rose*,  
 That pleafest beft mine Eye ;  
 The faireft Flow'r in all the World,  
 To feed my Fantasy :  
 The Flow'r of my affected Heart,  
 Whofe Sweetnefs doth excel :  
 My Royal *Rose*, a Thoufand times  
 I bid thee now Farewel :

For I muft leave my faireft Flow'r,  
 My fweeteft *Rose*, a fpace,  
 And crofs the Seas to famous *France*,  
 Proud Rebels to abafe.  
 But yet, my *Rose*, befure thou fhalt  
 My Coming fhortly fee ;  
 And in my Heart, when hence I am,  
 I'll bear my *Rose* with me.

When *Rofamond*, that Lady bright,  
 Did hear the King fay fo,  
 The Sorrow of her grieved Heart  
 Her outward Looks did fhew ;  
 And from her clear and cryftal Eyes  
 The Tears gush'd out apace,  
 Which, like the filver-pearled Dew,  
 Ran down her comely Face.

Her Lips, like to the Coral red,  
 Did wax both wan and pale,  
 And for the Sorrow ſhe conceiv'd,  
 Her vital Spirits fail ;

And

And falling down all in a Swoon  
 Before King *Henry's* Face ;  
 Full oft he in his princely Arms  
 Her Body did embrace ;

And Twenty times, with wat'ry Eyes,  
 He kifs'd her tender Cheek,  
 Until he had reviv'd again  
 Her Senses mild and meek :  
 Why grieves my *Rose*, my sweetest *Rose* ?  
 The King did often say :  
 Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars  
 My Lord must pass away.

But since your Grace on foreign Coasts,  
 Amongst your Foes unkind,  
 Must go to hazard Life and Limb,  
 Why should I stay behind ?  
 Nay rather, let me, like a Page,  
 Thy Sword and Target bear ;  
 That on my Breast the Blows may light,  
 Which would offend you there.

O let me, in your Royal Tent,  
 Prepare your Bed at Night,  
 And with sweet Baths refresh your Grace,  
 At your Return from Fight.  
 So I your Prefence may enjoy,  
 No Toil I will refuse ;  
 But wanting you, my Life is Death,  
 Which doth true Love abuse.

Content thy self, my dearest Love ;  
 Thy Rest at Home shall be,  
 In *England's* sweet and pleasant Soil ;  
 For Travel fits not thee.  
 Fair Ladies brook not bloody Wars ;  
 Sweet Peace their Pleasures breed ;  
 The Nourisher of Hearts Content,  
 Which Fancy first did feed.

My *Rose* shall rest in *Woodstock* Bow'r,  
 With Musick's sweet Delight ;  
 Whilst I amongst the piercing Pikes,  
 Against my Foes do fight.  
 My *Rose* in Robes of Pearl and Gold,  
 With Di'monds richly dight,  
 Shall dance the Galliards of my Love,  
 Whilst I my Foes do smite.

And you, Sir *Thomas*, whom I trust  
 To be my Love's Defence ;  
 Be careful of my gallant *Rose*  
 When I am parted hence.  
 And therewithal he fetch'd a Sigh,  
 As tho' his Heart would break :  
 And *Rosamond*, for very Grief,  
 Not one plain Word could speak.

And at their Parting, well they might  
 In Heart be grieved fore :  
 After that Day, fair *Rosamond*  
 The King did see no more.  
 For when his Grace had pass'd the Seas,  
 And into *France* was gone ;  
 With envious Heart, Queen *Ellenor*  
 To *Woodstock* came anon :

And forth she calls this trusty Knight,  
 In an unhappy Hour ;  
 Who with his Clue of twined Thread,  
 Came from this famous Bow'r :  
 And when that they had wounded him,  
 The Queen this Thread did get,  
 And went where Lady *Rosamond*  
 Was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with steadfast Eye  
 Beheld her beauteous Face,  
 She was amazed in her Mind  
 At her exceeding Grace :

Cast

Cast off from thee those Robes, she said,  
That rich and costly be ;  
And drink thou up this deadly Draught,  
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presently upon her Knees  
Sweet *Rosalind* did fall ;  
And Pardon of the Queen she crav'd  
For her Offences all.  
Take pity on my youthful Years,  
Fair *Rosalind* did cry ;  
And let me not with Poyson strong  
Enforced be to dye.

I will renounce my sinful Life,  
And in some Cloyster bide ;  
Or else be banish'd, if you please,  
To range the World so wide :  
And for the Fault that I have done,  
Tho' I was forc'd thereto,  
Preserve my Life, and punish me  
As you think meet to do.

And with these Words, her Lilly Hands  
She wrung full often there ;  
And down along her lovely Face  
Did trickle many a Tear.  
But nothing could this furious Queen  
Therewith appeased be ;  
The Cup of deadly Poyson strong,  
As she kneel'd on her Knee,

She gave this comely Dame to drink ;  
Who took it in her Hand,  
And from her bended Knee arose,  
And on her Feet did stand :  
And casting up her Eyes to Heav'n,  
She did for Mercy call ;  
And drinking up the Poyson strong,  
Her Life she lost withal.

And

And when that Death thro' every Limb  
 Had shew'd its greatest Spite,  
 Her chieftest Foes did then confes  
 She was a glorious Wight.  
 Her Body then they did entomb,  
 When Life was fled away,  
 At *Godslow*, near to *Oxford* Town,  
 As may be seen this Day.





### III. Queen *Eleanor's* Confession to the Two supposed Fryars of *France*.

*Eleanor, Daughter to William Duke of Guienne, was, whilst very young, marry'd to Lewis the VIth of France; but behaved her self very indecently in the Marriage State: For following her Husband to the Holy War, she gave a Loose to her lustful Passions, and liv'd in a criminal manner with a Saracen, one Saladine by Name. King Lewis, for his own Sake, endeavour'd to conceal this Disgrace; and tho' she would willingly have stay'd behind with her uncircumcis'd Lover, yet did he bring her away with him to France, and there pretended a Scruple of Conscience, in that she was his Fourth Cousin: And a Council being assembled at Bauge, they granted him Letters of Divorce; but Lewis was obliged to restore her Dukedom to her. She was, after this, marry'd to Henry Duke of Anjou, Grandson to King Henry the First; and who, after the Death of King Stephen, came to the English Crown. Most of our*  
*Histo-*







*Historians will have it, that she led a very sober Life with this Second Husband. However, if we may give any Credit to the following Song, the Historians are palpably mistaken. The Jealousy of this Queen was exceeding great, as may be seen by her Behaviour towards Rosamond, and several others of King Henry's Concubines ; for, in his Life-time, he had a great many; and this he might plead in his Excuse, that he was much younger than his Queen. There are some Things advanc'd in this old Ballad, which I must beg leave to contradict ; particularly the Earl Marshal's having her Maidenhead: But this I take to be inserted, not as a direct Fact, but with regard to the loose Life she had led before she was married to King Henry.*

Queen *Eleanor* was a sick Woman,  
 And afraid that she should dye ;  
 Then she sent for Two Fryars of *France*,  
 To speak with her speedily.

The King call'd down his Nobles all,  
 By one, by two, by three ;  
 And sent away for Earl *Marshal*,  
 To speak with him speedily.

When that he came before the King,  
 He fell on his bended Knee ;  
 A Boon, a Boon, our gracious King,  
 That you sent so hastily.

I'll

I'll pawn my Lands, the King then cry'd,  
My Sceptre and my Crown,  
That whatfoe're Queen *Eleanor* says,  
I will not write it down.

Do you put on a Fryar's Coat,  
And I'll put on another ;  
And we will to Queen *Eleanor* go,  
Like Fryar and his Brother.

Thus both attired then they go ;  
When they came to *Whitehall*,  
The Bells did ring, and the Choristers sing  
And the Torches did light them all.

When that they came before the Queen,  
They fell on their bended Knee ;  
A Boon, a Boon, our gracious Queen,  
That you sent so hastily.

Are you Two Fryars of *France*, she said,  
As I suppose you be ?  
But if you are Two *English* Fryars,  
Then hanged shall you be.

We are Two Fryars of *France*, they said,  
As you suppose we be ;  
We have not been at any Mafs  
Since we came from the Sea.

The first vile Thing that e're I did  
I will to you unfold ;  
Earl *Marshal* had my Maidenhead,  
Beneath this Cloth of Gold.

That's a vile Sin, then said the King ;  
God may forgive it thee :  
*Amen, Amen*, quoth Earl *Marshal* ;  
With a heavy Heart spoke he.

The

The next vile Thing that e're I did,  
To you I'll not deny ;  
I made a Box of Poyſon ſtrong,  
To poyſon King *Henry*.

That's a vile Sin, then ſaid the King ;  
God may forgive it thee :  
*Amen, Amen*, quoth Earl *Marſhal* :  
And I wiſh it ſo may be.

The next vile Thing that e're I did,  
To you I will diſcover ;  
I poyſoned fair *Rofamond*,  
All in fair *Woodſtock* Bow'r.

That's a vile Sin, then ſaid the King ;  
God may forgive it thee :  
*Amen, Amen*, quoth Earl *Marſhal* ;  
And I wiſh it ſo may be.

Do you ſee yonder's little Boy,  
A toſſing of the Ball ?  
That is Earl *Marſhal's* eldeſt Son,  
I love him the beſt of all.

Do you ſee yonder's little Boy,  
A catching of the Ball ?  
That is King *Henry's* Son, ſhe ſaid ;  
I love him the worſt of all.

His Head is like unto a Bull ;  
His Noſe is like a Boar :  
No matter for that, King *Henry* cry'd,  
I love him the better therefore.

The

The King pull'd off his Fryar's Coat,  
 And appeared all in Red ;  
 She shriek'd, she cry'd, and wrung her Hands,  
 And said she was betray'd.

The King look'd over his Left Shoulder,  
 And a grim Look looked he ;  
 And said, Earl *Marshal*, but for my Oath,  
 Or hanged should'st thou be.









#### IV. St. George and the Dragon.

*I should think my Collection very imperfect, was this old Panegyrick upon our English Saint and Patron to be omitted. His Adventures were many and various, and even those variously related. Where-ever any Historical Circumstances are omitted, or thro' Length of Time, and the Error of Writers, are misrepresented; I shall endeavour to set them in the fairest Point of Light I possibly can. But in the Case of Saints, we must have recourse to Legends; and those, I must confess, are something out of my way. Beside, I should often be at a loss; for these Ofio-Biographers differ sometimes; and as I look upon all Legends to be of equal Authority, I should not know which to give credit to. I cannot, however, drop this Subject, without taking notice of that Noble Order of Knighthood, instituted to the Honour of this Saint by K. Edward the III<sup>d</sup>; an Order which is so highly and justly esteemed abroad; which in all Ages since its Original has outshone all the other Orders in the World, and in which so many Foreign*



*reign Princes, Kings, and Emperors, have  
with Pride and Pleasure been install'd Knights  
Companions.*

WHY should we boast of *Arthur* and his  
Knights,  
Knowing how many Men have performed Fights?  
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,  
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies  
Sake?  
Read in old Stories, and there you shall see,  
How *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon flee.

*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for  
France ;*  
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y penſe.*

Of ancient Monarchs it were too long to tell,  
And likewise of *Romans*, how far they did excel ;  
*Hannibal* and *Scipio* in many a Field did fight,  
*Orlando Furioso* he was a valiant Knight ;  
*Romulus* and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build ;  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Jephthah* and *Gideon* they led their Men to fight,  
The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put all to flight ;  
*Hercules* his Labour was in the Vale of *Baſs*,  
And *Sampſon* flew a Thouſand with the Jawbone of  
an Aſs,  
And when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to the  
Ground ;  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Valen-*

*Valentine* and *Orson* they came of *Pepin's* Blood,  
*Alfred* and *Aldricus* they were brave Knights and  
 good ;  
 The Four Sons of *Ammon*, that fought with *Char-*  
*lemain*,  
*Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bulloign* ;  
 These were all *French* Knights, that *Pagans* did  
 convert ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he pull'd out the Dragon's  
 Heart.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Henry* the Fifth he conquered all *France*,  
 He quarter'd their Arms, his Honour to advance ;  
 He razed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,  
 And he garnish'd his Head with a double Triple  
 Crown ;  
 He thumped the *French*, and after home he came ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon tame.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*St. David*, you know, lov'd Leeks and toasted Cheese,  
 And *Fason* was the Man who brought home the gol-  
 den Fleece ;  
 And *Patrick*, you know, he was *St. George's* Boy,  
 Seven Years he kept his Horse, and then stole him  
 away ;  
 For which knavish Act a Slave he doth remain ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he hath the Dragon slain.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Tamerlane* the Emperor in Iron Cage did crown,  
 With his bloody Flags display'd before the Town,

*Scanderberg* magnanimous, *Mahomet's* Bashaws did  
 dread,  
 Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was  
 dead ;  
 Old *William* so fam'd the *Conqueror* was he call'd ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he hath the Dragon maul'd.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Ottomon* the *Tartar* he came of *Persia's* Race,  
 The Great *Mogul* with his Chest full of Cloves and  
 Mace ;  
 The *Grecian* youth *Bucephalus* did manfully bestride ;  
 But these, with their Worthies Nine, *St. George* did  
 deride ;  
*Gustavus Adolphus* was *Sweden's* warlike King ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he pull'd forth the Dra-  
 gon's Sting.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Pendragon* and *Cadwallar* of *British* Blood do boast,  
 Tho' *John* of *Gaunt* his Foes did daunt, *St. George*  
 shall rule the roast ;  
*Agamemnon* and *Cleomedes*, and *Macedo* did Feats,  
 But compared to our Champion, they are but meer-  
 ly Cheats ;  
 Brave *Maltha* Knights in *Turkish* Fights their bran-  
 dish'd Swords out-drew ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, met the Dragon, and thrust  
 him thro' and thro'.

*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Bidia*, the *Amazon*, *Proteus* overthrew,  
 As fierce as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Few* ;  
 The potent *Holofernes*, as he lay in his Bed,  
 In came wife *Judith*, and subt'ly stole his Head ;

With *Jove* the *Cyclops* fought, alth' he show'r'd down  
 Thunder ;  
 But *St. George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that  
 a Wonder ?  
*St. George he was for England, &c.*

*Mark Anthony*, I'll warrant ye, play'd Feats with *Æ-*  
*gypt's* Queen ;  
*Sir Eglemore*, that valiant Knight, the like was ne-  
 ver seen ;  
*Grim Gorgon's* Might was known in Fight ; old *Be-*  
*vis* most Men frighted ;  
 The *Mirmidons* and *Prestor Johns* ; why were not  
 these Men knighted ?  
 Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Naffau* did it recover ;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, turn'd the Dragon over  
 and over.

*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for*  
*France ;*  
*Sing* Honi foit qui mal y pense.





## V. The SEVEN CHAMPIONS of *Christendom.*

Being a Compendious History of their Lives  
and Actions, &c.

---

To the Tune of *The Christian Warriors.*

---

*In my former Argument, I refused to give the History, or rather the Fable of St. George ; but lest any of my Readers should be unacquainted with it, I have inserted the following Ballad ; where they'll not only find his History, but that of the other Six Champions of Christendom with it ; and the Account is, I believe, as authentick as any we have extant. The only Thing I have to object to the Poet here, is his Partiality ; for he has bestow'd Half the Song upon our English Hero, whilst the other Six have but one Half between them all.*

NOW of the Seven Champions here,  
My Purpose is to write ;  
To shew how they with Sword and Spear  
Put many Foes to flight :

Distressed Ladies to release,  
And Captives bound in Chains ;  
That Christian Glory to increafe,  
Which evermore remains.

First, I give you to understand,  
That Great St. *George* by Name.  
Was the true Champion of our Land ;  
And of his Birth and Fame ;  
And of his Noble Mother's Dream,  
Before that he was born,  
The which to her did clearly seem  
Her Days would be forlorn.

This was her Dream : That she did bear  
A Dragon in her Womb ;  
Which griev'd this Noble Lady fair,  
'cause Death must be her Doom.  
This Sorrow she could not conceal,  
So dismal was her Fear ;  
So that she did the same reveal  
Unto her Husband dear ;

Who went for to enquire straight  
Of an Inchanterefs ;  
When knocking at her Iron Gate,  
Her Answer it was this :  
' The Lady shall bring forth a Son,  
' By whom, in Tract of Time,  
' Great Noble Actions shall be done ;  
' He will to Honour climb :  
' For he shall be in Banners wore ;  
' This Truth I will maintain :  
' Your Lady she shall dye before  
' You see her Face again.  
His Leave he took, and Home he went ;  
His Wife departed lay :  
But that which did his Grief augment,  
The Child was stole way.

Then did he travel in Despair,  
 Where soon with Grief he dy'd ;  
 While the young Child, his Son and Heir,  
 Did constantly abide  
 With the wise Lady of the Grove,  
 In her enchanted Cell ;  
 Amongst the Woods he oft did rove,  
 His Beauty pleas'd her well.

Blinded with Love, she did impart,  
 Upon a certain Day,  
 To him her cunning Magick Art,  
 And where Six Champions lay,  
 Within a brazen Castle strong,  
 By an enchanted Sleep ;  
 And where they had continued long ;  
 She did the Castle keep.

She taught and shew'd him ev'ry Thing,  
 Thro' being free and fond ;  
 Which did her fatal Ruin bring ;  
 For with a Silver Wand,  
 He clos'd her up into a Rock,  
 By giving one small Stroke ;  
 So took Possession of her Stock,  
 And the Inchantment broke.

Those Christian Champions being freed  
 From their enchanted State,  
 Each mounted on his prancing Steed,  
 And took to Travel strait ;  
 Where we will leave them to pursue  
 Kind Fortune's Favours still,  
 To treat of our own Champion, who  
 Did Courts with Wonders fill :

For as he came to understand,  
 At an old Hermit's Cell,  
 How in the vast *Egyptian* Land,  
 A Dragon, fierce and fell,

Threat-

Threaten'd the Ruin of them all  
 By his devouring Jaws ;  
 His Sword releas'd them from that Thrall,  
 And soon remov'd the Cause.

This dreadful Dragon must destroy  
 A Virgin ev'ry Day :  
 Or else with Stinks he'll them annoy,  
 And many Thousands slay.  
 At length, the King's own Daughter dear,  
 For whom the Court did mourn,  
 Was brought to be devour'd here ;  
 For she must take her Turn.

The King, by Proclamation, said,  
 If any hardy Knight  
 Could free this fair young Royal Maid,  
 And slay the Dragon quite ;  
 Then should he have her for his Bride,  
 And (after Death) likewise  
 His Crown and Kingdom too beside :  
 St. *George* he won the Prize.

When many hardy Strokes he'd dealt,  
 And could not pierce his Hide,  
 He run his Sword up to the Hilt,  
 In at the Dragon's Side ;  
 By which he did his Life destroy,  
 Which cheer'd the drooping King ;  
 This caus'd an univerfal Joy,  
 Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.

The Daughter of a King, for Pride  
 Transform'd into a Tree  
 Of Mulberries, which *Dennis* spy'd ;  
 And being hungry,



Of that fair Fruit he eat a Part,  
 And was transform'd likewise  
 Into the Fashion of a Hart,  
 For Seven Years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the Loss  
 Of manly Shape ; then goes  
 To him his true and trusty Horse,  
 And brings a blushing Rose,  
 By which the Magick Spell was broke,  
 And both were fairly freed  
 From the enchanted heavy Yoke :  
 They then in Love agreed.

Now we come to St. *James of Spain*,  
 Who slew a mighty Boar,  
 In hopes that he might Honour gain ;  
 But he must die therefore :  
 Who was allow'd his Death to chuse,  
 Which was by Virgins Darts ;  
 But they the fame did all refuse,  
 So tender were their Hearts.

The King's Daughter at length by Lot,  
 Was doom'd to work his Woe ;  
 From her fair Hands, a fatal Shot  
 Out of a golden Bow,  
 Must put a Period to the Strife ;  
 At which, Grief did her seize ;  
 She of her Father begg'd his Life,  
 Upon her bended Knees :

Saying, My gracious Sovereign Lord,  
 And honour'd Father dear,  
 He well deserves a large Reward ;  
 Then be not so severe ;  
 Give me his Life. He grants the Boon ;  
 And then without Delay,  
 This *Spanish* Champion, e're 'twas Noon,  
 Rid with her quite away.

Now

Now come we to St. *Anthony*,  
 A Man with Valour fraught,  
 The Champion of fair *Italy*,  
 Who many Wonders wrought :  
 First, he a mighty Giant slew,  
 The Terror of Mankind :  
 Young Ladies fair, pure Virgins too,  
 This Giant kept confin'd

Within his Castle-Walls of Stone,  
 And Gates of solid Brass ;  
 Where Seven Ladies made their Moan,  
 But out they could not pass.  
 Many brave Lords, and Knights likewise,  
 To free them did engage ;  
 Who fell a bleeding Sacrifice  
 To this fierce Giant's Rage.

Fair Daughters to a Royal King !  
 Yet Fortune, after all,  
 Did our renowned Champion bring,  
 To free them from their Thrall ;  
 Assisted by the Hand of Heav'n,  
 He ventur'd Life and Limb ;  
 Behold, the fairest of the Sev'n,  
 She fell in Love with him.

That Champion good, bold St. *Andrew*,  
 The famous *Scottish* Knight,  
 Dark gloomy Defarts travell'd through,  
 Where *Phæbus* gave no Light ;  
 Haunted with Spirits, for a while  
 His weary Course he steers ;  
 Till Fortune blest'd him with a Smile,  
 And shook off all his Fears.

This Christian Champion travell'd long,  
 Till at the length he came  
 Unto the Giant's Castle strong,  
 Great *Blanderon* by Name :  
 Where the King's Daughters were transform'd  
 Into the Shape of Swans ;  
 Tho' them he freed, their Father storm'd,  
 But he his Malice shuns :

For tho' Five Hundred armed Knights  
 Did straight beset him round,  
 Our Christian Champion with them fights,  
 Till on the Heathen Ground  
 Most of those *Pagans* bleeding lay ;  
 Which much perplex'd the King :  
 The *Scottish* Champion clears the way,  
 Which was a glorious Thing.

St. *Patrick* too of *Ireland*,  
 That Noble Knight of Fame,  
 He travell'd, as we understand,  
 Till at the length he came  
 Into a Grove where Satyrs dwelt ;  
 Where Ladies he beheld,  
 Who had their rag'd Fury felt,  
 And were with Sorrow fill'd :

He drew his Sword, and did maintain  
 A sharp and bloody Fray,  
 Till the Ring-leader he had slain ;  
 The rest soon fled away.  
 This done, he ask'd the Ladies fair,  
 Who were in Silks array'd,  
 From whence they came, and who they were ?  
 They answer'd him, and said ;

We

We are all Daughters to a King,  
 Whom a brave *Scottish* Knight  
 Did out of Tribulation bring :  
 He having took his Flight,  
 Now after him we are in Quest :  
 St. *Patrick* then replies,  
 He is my Friend, I cannot rest  
 Till I find him likewise :

So Ladies, if you do intend  
 To take your Lot with me,  
 This Sword of mine shall you defend  
 From savage Cruelty.  
 The Ladies freely gave Consent  
 To travel many Miles ;  
 Thro' shady Groves and Woods they went,  
 In Search of Fortune's Smiles.

The Christian Champion *David* went  
 To the *Tartarian* Court ;  
 Where, at their Tilt and Tournament,  
 And such like Royal Sport,  
 He overthrew the only Son  
 Of the Count *Palatine* ;  
 This noble Action being done,  
 His Fame began to shine.

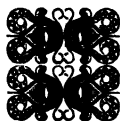
The young Count's sad and sudden Death,  
 Turn'd all their Joys to Grief ;  
 He bleeding lay, bereav'd of Breath,  
 The Father's Son in Chief :  
 But Lords and Ladies blaz'd the Fame  
 Of our brave Champion bold ;  
 Saying, They ought to write his Name  
 In Characters of Gold.

Here

Here have I writ a fair Account  
 Of each Heroick Deed,  
 Done by these Knights ; which will furmount  
 All those that shall succeed.  
 The ancient Chronicles of Kings,  
 E're since the World begun,  
 Can't boast of such renowned Things,  
 As these brave Knights have done.

St. *George* he was for *England*,  
 St. *Dennis* was for *France* ;  
 St. *James* for *Spain*, whose valiant Hand  
 Did Christian Fame advance :  
 St. *Anthony* for *Italy*,  
*Andrew* for *Scots* ne're fails ;  
*Patrick* too stands for *Ireland*,  
 St. *David* was for *Wales*.

Thus have you those stout Champions Names  
 In this renowned Song :  
 Young captive Ladies bound in Chains,  
 Confin'd in Castles strong,  
 They did by Knightly Prowess free,  
 True Honour to maintain ;  
 Then let their lasting Memory  
 From Age to Age remain.









VI. An Excellent Ballad of a most dreadful Combat, fought between *Moore of Moore-Hall*, and the Dragon of *Wantley*.

*Tho' this Ballad does not properly fall under the Denomination of Historical, yet ought it naturally to follow the Two former; it having been ever look'd upon as a Criticism, or Ridicule upon St. George, the Seven Champions, Guy Earl of Warwick, and several other Songs of the like nature, which will scarce find a Place in this Collection; and is the same to Ballads of Chivalry, as Don Quixot is to Books of that Kind. However, there are some People who will by no means allow this to have been the Design of the Poet, nor the Song to be a Piece of Criticism, but a Satyr: And to prove this, they tell you, That in Days of Old, a certain Gentleman, a Member of the Law, and here represented by the Dragon, being left Guardian to Three Orphans, and finding some little Flaw in their Titles, put in his Claim, depriv'd them of their Estate, took Possession of it himself, and turn'd them over to the Parish.*



*Parish. Upon which, another (here called Moore of Moore-Hall) took up their Cause, sued the unjust Guardian, cast him, and recover'd the Estate for the Children. I shall not pretend to decide any Thing in a Dispute of this Importance: The Hypotheses are both probable; but which may be the justest, I shall leave the Learned to determine.*

OLD Stories tell, how *Hercules*  
 A Dragon flew at *Lerna*,  
 With Seven Heads, and Fourteen Eyes,  
 To see and well discern-a :  
 But he had a Club, this Dragon to drub,  
 Or he had 'ne're don 't, I warrant ye :  
 But *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*, with nothing at all,  
 He flew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had Two furious Wings,  
 Each one upon each Shoulder ;  
 With a Sting in his Tail, as long as a Flail,  
 Which made him bolder and bolder.  
 He had long Claws, and in his Jaws  
 Four and forty Teeth of Iron ;  
 With a Hide as tough, as any Buff,  
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the *Trojan Horse*,  
 With Seventy Men in his Belly ?  
 This Dragon was not quite so big,  
 But very near, I'll tell you :  
 Devoured he, poor Children Three,  
 That could not with him grapple ;  
 And at one Sup, he eat them up,  
 As one would eat an Apple.

All

All Sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,  
 Some say he eat up Trees,  
 And that the Forest fure he would  
 Devour by degrees :  
 For Houses and Chueches, were to him Geefe  
 and Turkies ;  
 He eat all, and left none behind.  
 But some Stones, dear *Fack*, which he could not  
 crack,  
 Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotherham*,  
 The Place I know it well,  
 Some Two or Three Miles, or thereabouts,  
 I vow I cannot tell ;  
 But there is a Hedge, just on the Hill Edge,  
 And *Matthew's* House hard by it ;  
 O there and then, was this Dragon's Den,  
 You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this Dragon was a Witch ;  
 Some say, he was a Devil,  
 For from his Nose a Smoke arose,  
 And with it burning Snivel ;  
 Which he cast off, when he did cough,  
 Into a Well that stands by ;  
 Which made it look, just like a Brook  
 Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,  
 Of whom all Towns did ring ;  
 For he could wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff,  
 kick, cuff and huff,  
 Call Son of a Whore, do any kind of Thing :  
 By the Tail and the Main, with his Hands twain  
 He swung a Horse till he was dead ;

And

And what is stranger, he for very Anger  
Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children, as I told, being eat ;  
Men, Women, Girls and Boys,  
Sighing and sobbing came to his Lodging,  
And made a hideous Noise :  
O save us all, *Moore of Moore-Hall*,  
Thou peerless Knight of these Woods ;  
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a  
Rag on,  
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want ;  
But I want, I want in sooth,  
A fair Maid of Sixteen, that's brisk,  
And smiles about the Mouth ;  
Hair black as Sloe, both above and below,  
With Blushes her Cheeks adorning ;  
To 'noint me o're Night, e're I go to fight,  
And to drefs me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage  
To hew this Dragon down ;  
But first he went, new Armour to  
Bespeak at *Sheffield* Town ;  
With Spikes all about, not within but without,  
Of Steel so sharp and strong ;  
Both behind and before, Arms, Legs, and all o're,  
Some Five or Six Inches long.

Had you seen him in this Drefs,  
How fierce he look'd and how big,  
You would have thought him for to be  
Some *Egyptian* Porcupig :  
He frighted all, Cats, Dogs, and all,  
Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog ;  
For Fear they did flee, for they took him to be  
Some strange out-landish Hedge-hog.

To

To see this Fight, all People then  
 Got upon Trees and Houfes,  
 On Churches fome, and Chimneys too ;  
 But they put on their Trowfes,  
 Not to spoil their Hofe. As foon as he rofe,  
 To make him ftrong and mighty,  
 He drank by the Tale, Six Pots of Ale,  
 And a Quart of *Aqua-Vita*.

It is not Strength that always wins,  
 For Wit does Strength excel ;  
 Which made our cunning Champion  
 Creep down into a Well ;  
 Where he did think, this Dragon would drink,  
 And fo he did in truth ;  
 And as he ftoop'd low, he rofe up and cry'd *Boh !*  
 And hit him on the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, Pox take thee, come out,  
 Thou that difturb'ft me in my Drink :  
 With that he turn'd, and fh-t at him ;  
 Good lack, how he did fink !  
 Befhrew thy Soul, thy Body's foul,  
 Thy Dung fmells not like Balfam ;  
 Thou Son of a Whore, thou fink ft fo fore,  
 Sure thy Diet is unwholfome.

Our Politick Knight, on the other fide,  
 Crept out upon the Brink,  
 And gave the Dragon fuch a Douse,  
 He knew not what to think :  
 By cock, quoth he, fay you fo ; do you fee ?  
 And then at him he let fly,  
 With Hand and with Foot, and fo they went to't,  
 And the word it was, *Hey boys, hey !*

Your Words, quoth the Dragon, I don't under-  
 Then to it they fell at all, [ftand ;  
 Like Two wild Boars fo fierce, I may  
 Compare great Things with fmall.

Two

Two Days and a Night, with this Dragon did  
 Our Champion on the Ground ; [fight,  
 Tho' their Strength it was great, their Skill it was  
 They never had one Wound. [neat,

At length the hard Earth began to quake,  
 The Dragon gave him such a Knock,  
 Which made him to reel, and straight he thought  
 To lift him as high as a Rock,  
 And then let him fall: But *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*,  
 Like a valiant Son of *Mars*,  
 As he came like a Lout, so he turn'd him about,  
 And hit him a Kick on the A-fe.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a deep Sigh,  
 And turn'd Six times together,  
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his Throat of Leather ;  
*Moore* of *Moore-Hall*, O thou Rascal,  
 Would I had seen thee never ;  
 With the Thing at thy Foot, thou hast prick'd my  
 And I'm quite undone for ever. [A-fe-gut

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,  
 Alack, alack, for Grief ;  
 Had you but miss'd that Place, you could  
 Have done me no Mischief.  
 Then his Head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,  
 And down he laid and cry'd ;  
 First on one Knee, then on Back tumbled he,  
 So groan'd, kick d, sh-t, and dy'd.



## VII. King *Alfred* and the *Shepherd*.

With the Humours of *Gillian*, the Shepherd's  
Wife.

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To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

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*Being now enter'd upon Apocryphal Ballads, I shall here chuse to insert one or two more: The former, both for its own Antiquity, and that of the Story it treats of, deserv'd a first Place in this Collection. The only Objection I had to Placing it there, was, that I could not answer for its being Fact. However, I cannot justly rank this Song with the Two or Three foregoing ones; for in this, there is at least a Possibility, and (I believe I might say) a Probability of Truth. Alfred was not the only King, who has wander'd incog. amongst his Subjects, to discover their Humours, Affection, and Manner of Living. We have had some of our own, as well as several Foreign Potentates, who have made a Practice of it; and even*

*even this good King Alfred himself is recorded to have done it, at a Time when the Danger was far greater than venturing amongst Swains and Peasants. For the Danes having invaded England, and left him (of the whole Island) only the Counties of Southampton, Wilts, and Somerset, he disguised himself, and enter'd their Camp, to reconnoitre their Strength, Manner of Incamping, &c. And having seen and learnt all he desir'd, he return'd to his own Soldiers; and leading them on, they fell unawares upon the Danes, and for that Year drove 'em out of the Kingdom. If he could do this, we may reasonably suppose, that in Time of Peace, he could venture himself amongst his own Subjects; especially considering how much he was belov'd by them all, and how little Risque he ran amongst them; for he was a just, wise, and pious Prince, of a very liberal Education; Endowments uncommon in those early Days: And besides the Arts of War and Government, he understood several of the Sciences; and amongst other, Musick and Poetry to a Perfection. His Works of Piety were many; but, in particular, we are indebted to him for the Foundation of the University of Oxford: And notwithstanding the petty Cavils and Criticisms of some Antiquarians, the Members of University-College still re-  
turn*

*turn Thanks for him, as their Founder. This Prince was the Fourth Son of King Egbert, of the Saxon Line: His Three Elder Brothers reign'd successively before him; but all dying without Issue, he at length inherited the Crown, reigned Nine and Twenty Years, died in the Year 901, and was buried at Winchester. I have nothing more to add, than that I think this Song one of the best Pastorals that ever was written in the English Tongue. I will not say, that our Poet had read the Story of Baucis and Philemon; but thus much I dare assert, That in the Description of the Shepherd and his Wife's Manner of Living, their Fare on better Days, &c. he truly comes up to the Spirit of Ovid, and does not fall short of Theocritus in Simplicity. and a natural Way of expressing every Thing in Words becoming a Pastoral Song.*

**I**N Elder Time there was of Yore,  
 When Gibes of churlish Glee  
 Were us'd among our Country Carls,  
 Tho' no such Thing now be.  
 The which King *Alfred* liking well,  
 Forfook his stately Court,  
 And in Disguise unknown went forth,  
 To see that jovial Sport ;

How *Dick* and *Tom*, in clouted Shoon,  
 And Coats of Ruffet Grey,  
 Esteem'd themselves more brave than them  
 That went in Golden Ray.

、 In



In Garments fit for such a Life  
 The good King *Alfred* went,  
 Ragged and torn as from his Back  
 The Beggar his Cloaths had rent.

A Sword and Buckler good and strong,  
 To give Jack Sauce a Rap ;  
 And on his Head, instead of a Crown,  
 He wore a *Monmouth* Cap.  
 Thus coasting thorough *Somersetshire*,  
 Near *Newton-Court* he met  
 A Shepherd Swain of lusty Limb,  
 That up and down did jet :

He wore a Bonnet of good Grey,  
 Close-buttoned to his Chin ;  
 And at his Back a Leather Scrip,  
 With much good Meat therein.  
 God speed, good Shepherd, quoth the King ;  
 I come to be thy Guest,  
 To taste of thy good Viſtuals here,  
 And Drink that's of the best :

Thy Scrip, I know, hath Cheer good Store :  
 What then, the Shepherd ſaid ?  
 Thou ſeem'ſt to be ſome ſturdy Thief,  
 And mak'ſt me fore afraid :  
 Yet if thou wilt thy Dinner win,  
 Thy Sword and Buckler take ;  
 And, if thou canſt, into my Scrip  
 Therewith an Entrance make,

I tell thee, Roister, it hath Store  
 Of Beef and Bacon fat,  
 With Sheaves of Barley-Bread, to make  
 Thy Chaps to water at :  
 Here ſtands my Bottle, here my Bag,  
 If thou canſt win them, Roister ;  
 Againſt thy Sword and Buckler here,  
 My Sheep-hook is my Maſter.

*Bene-*

*Benedicite*, quoth our good King ;  
 It never shall be said,  
 That *Alfred* of the Shepherd's Hook  
 Will stand a whit afraid.  
 So soundly thus they both fell to't,  
 And giving Bang for Bang ;  
 At ev'ry Blow the Shepherd gave,  
 King *Alfred*'s Sword cry'd Twang.

His Buckler prov'd his chieftest Fence ;  
 For still the Shepherd's Hook  
 Was that the which King *Alfred* could  
 In no good manner brook.  
 At last, when they had fought Four Hours,  
 And it grew just Mid-day,  
 And weary'd, both, with right good Will  
 Desir'd each other's Stay :

A Truce I crave, quoth *Alfred* then ;  
 Good Shepherd, hold thy Hand ;  
 A sturdier Fellow than thy self  
 Lives not within the Land :  
 Nor a lustier Roister than thou art,  
 The churlish Shepherd said :  
 To tell thee plain, thy Thievish Look  
 Now makes my Heart afraid.

Else sure thou art some Prodigal,  
 Which hast consum'd thy Store,  
 And now com'st wand'ring in this Place,  
 To rob and steal for more.  
 Deem not of me then, quoth our King,  
 Good Shepherd, in this sort ;  
 A Gentleman well known I am  
 In good King *Alfred*'s Court.

The Devil thou art, the Shepherd said ;  
 Thou go'st in Rags all torn ;  
 Thou rather seem'st, I think, to be  
 Some Beggar basely born :

But

But if thou wilt mend thy Estate,  
 And here a Shepherd be ;  
 At Night, to *Gillian*, my sweet Wife,  
 Thou shalt go Home with me :

For she's as good a toothless Dame,  
 As mumbleth on brown Bread ;  
 Where thou shalt lye in hurden Sheets,  
 Upon a fresh Straw Bed.  
 Of Whig and Whey we have good Store,  
 And keep good Pease-straw Fire ;  
 And now and then good Barley Cakes,  
 As better Days require.

But for my Master, which is Chief,  
 And Lord of *Newton-Court*,  
 He keeps, I say, his Shepherd Swains  
 In far more braver Sort ;  
 We there have Curds and clouted Cream,  
 Of Red Cow's Morning Milk ;  
 And now and then fine butter'd Cakes,  
 As soft as any Silk.

Of Beef and reifed Bacon store,  
 That is most fat and greasy,  
 We have likewise, to feed our Chaps,  
 And make them glib and easy.  
 Thus if thou wilt my Man become,  
 This Usage thou shalt have ;  
 If not, adieu ; go hang thy self ;  
 And so farewell, Sir *Knave*.

King *Alfred* hearing of this Glee  
 The churlish Shepherd said,  
 Was well content to be his Man ;  
 So they a Bargain made ;  
 A Penny round the Shepherd gave,  
 In Earnest of this Match,  
 To keep his Sheep in Field and Fold,  
 As Shepherds use to watch.

His

His Wages shall be full Ten Groats,  
 For Service of a Year ;  
 Yet was it not his Use, old Lad,  
 To hire a Man so dear :  
 For did the King himself, quoth he,  
 Unto my Cottage come,  
 He should not, for a Twelve-Month's Pay,  
 Receive a greater Sum.

Hereat the bonny King grew blithe,  
 To hear the clownish Jest ;  
 How filly Sots, as Custom is,  
 Do descant at the best.  
 But not to spoil the foolish Sport,  
 He was content, good King,  
 To fit the Shepherd's Humour right  
 In ev'ry kind of Thing.

A Sheep-hook then, with *Patch* his Dog,  
 And Tar-box by his Side ;  
 He, with his Master, Cheek by Joll,  
 Unto old *Gillian* hy'd.  
 Into whose Sight no sooner come ;  
 Whom have you here, quoth she ?  
 A Fellow, I doubt, will cut our Throats ;  
 So like a Knave looks he.

Not so, old Dame, quoth *Alfred* straight,  
 Of me you need not fear ;  
 My Master hir'd me for Ten Groats,  
 To serve you one whole Year :  
 So, good Dame *Gillian*, grant me Leave  
 Within your House to stay ;  
 For, by St. *Anne*, do what you can,  
 I will not yet away.

Her churlish Usage pleas'd him still,  
 And put him to such Proof,  
 That he at Night was almost choak'd  
 Within that smoaky Roof :

4

D

But

But as he sat with smiling Cheer,  
The Event of all to see,  
His Dame brought forth a Piece of Dough,  
Which in the Fire throws she ;

Where lying on the Hearth to bake,  
By chance, the Cake did burn :  
What, can't thou not, thou Lout, (quoth she)  
Take pains the same to turn ?  
Thou art more quick to take it out,  
And eat it up half Dough,  
Than thus to stay till 't be enough,  
And so thy Manners show.

But serve me such another Trick,  
I'll thwack thee on the Snout :  
Which made the patient King, poor Man,  
Of her to stand in doubt.  
But, to be brief, to Bed they went,  
The old Man and his Wife ;  
But never such a Lodging had  
King *Alfred* in his Life ;

For he was laid in white Sheep's Wool,  
New pull'd from tanned Fells ;  
And o're his Head hang'd Spiders Webs,  
As if they had been Bells.  
Is this the Country Guise, thought he ?  
Then here I will not stay,  
But hence be gone, as soon as breaks  
The Peeping of next Day.

The cackling Hens and Geese kept roost,  
And perched at his Side ;  
Where, at the last, the watchful Cock  
Made known the Morning Tide :  
Then up got *Alfred*, with his Horn,  
And blew so long a Blast,  
That it made *Gillian* and her Groom,  
In Bed, full fore aghast.

Arise,

Arise, quoth she, we are undone ;  
 This Night we lodged have,  
 At unawares, within our House,  
 A false dissembling Knave :  
 Rise, Husband, rise ; he'll cut our Throats ;  
 He calleth for his Mates :  
 I'd give, Old *Will*, our good Cade Lamb,  
 He would depart our Gates.

But still King *Alfred* blew his Horn  
 Before them, more and more ,  
 Till that an Hundred Lords and Knights  
 All lighted at the Door :  
 Who cry'd, All hail, all hail, good King ;  
 Long have we fought your Grace.  
 And here you find (my merry Men all)  
 Your Sov'reign in this Place.

We surely must be hang'd up both,  
 Old *Gillian*, I much fear,  
 The Shepherd said, for using thus  
 Our good King *Alfred* here.  
 O Pardon, my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then,  
 For my Husband, and for me :  
 By these Ten Bones, I never thought  
 The same that now I see.

And, by my Hook, the Shepherd said,  
 (An Oath both good and true)  
 Before this Time, O Noble King,  
 I ne're your Highness knew :  
 Then pardon me, and my old Wife,  
 That we may after say,  
 When first you came into our House  
 It was a Happy Day.

It shall be done, said *Alfred*, straight ;  
 And *Gillian*, thy old Dame,  
 For this her churlish using me  
 Deserveth not much Blame ;

For 'tis thy Country Guife, I fee,  
 To be thus bluntifh ftill ;  
 And where the plaineft Meaning is,  
 Remains the fmalleft Ill.

And, Mafter, lo I tell thee now ;  
 For thy late Manhood fhown,  
 A Thoufand Wethers I'll beftow  
 Upon thee, for thy own ;  
 And Pasture-Ground, as much as will  
 Suffice to feed them all :  
 And this thy Cottage I will change  
 Into a ftately Hall.

And for the fame, as Duty binds,  
 The Shepherd faid, Good King,  
 A Milk-white Lamb, once ev'ry Year  
 I'll to your Highnefs bring :  
 And *Gillian*, my Wife, likewise,  
 Of Wool to make you Coats,  
 Will give you as much at *New-Year's* Tide,  
 As fhall be worth Ten Groats :

And in your Praise, my Bag-pipes fhall  
 Sound fweetly once a Year,  
 How *Alfred*, our renowned King,  
 Moft kindly hath been here.  
 Thanks, Shepherd, Thanks, quoth he again :  
 The next Time I come hither,  
 My Lords with me, here in this Houfe,  
 Will all be merry together.



VIII. A pleasant Ballad of King Henry  
the II<sup>d</sup>, and the Miller of *Mansfield* :

Shewing how he was Entertain'd and Lodg'd  
at the Miller's House.

---

To the Tune of *The French Levalto, &c.*

---

*The following Song is grounded upon a Story much of the same Nature as the former ; save that, in this, King Henry's wandering was accidental ; in the other, King Alfred's was design'd. Both our Poets, I believe, had an Intent to hint at the Hospitality used here in Days of Old, common to the English in general, now confin'd to Rusticks only. But as I have nothing to say directly to the Fact of this Ballad, I shall forbear troubling my Reader with a long and impertinent Introduction. But, to be before-hand with Criticks, I shall just observe, That the Poetry of this Song is none of the smoothest, or most regular. However, those who are displeas'd with it may find some Amends in the Thoughts ; at least, if they are capable of relishing Sentiments and Diction truly rustick in every Point, without the least Disguise, or Covering of Art.*

**H**ENRY, our Royal King, would ride a hunting,  
To the green Forest, so pleasant and fair ;  
To have the Hart chased, and dainty Does tripping ;  
Unto merry *Sherwood* his Nobles repair :

Hawk



Hawk and Hound was unbound, all Things pre-  
par'd  
For the fame, to the Game, with good Regard.

All a long Summer's Day, rode the King plea-  
santly,  
With all his Princes and Nobles each one ;  
Chafing the Hart and Hind, and the Buck gal-  
lantly,  
Till the dark Evening forc'd him to turn home.  
Then at the last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
All his Lords in the Wood, late in a dark Night.

Wand'ring thus warily, all alone, up and down,  
With a rude Miller he met with at last ;  
Asking the ready Way unto fair *Nottingham* ?  
Sir, quoth the Miller, your Way you have lost :  
Yet I think, what I think, Truth for to say,  
You do not likely ride out of your Way.

Why, what dost thou think of me? quoth our  
King merrily,  
Passing thy Judgment upon me so brief :  
Good faith, said the Miller, I mean not to flat-  
ter thee ;  
I guess thee to be some Gentleman Thief :  
Stand thee back, in the dark ; light thee not down,  
Lest that I presently crack thy Knave's Crown:

Thou hast abus'd me much, quoth the King, say-  
ing thus ;  
I am a Gentleman, and Lodging I lack.  
Thou hast not, quoth the Miller, one Groat in  
thy Purse ;  
All thy Inheritance hangs on thy Back.  
I have Gold to discharge all that I call ;  
If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true Man, then quoth the Miller,  
 I swear by my Toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all  
 Night.

Here's my Hand, quoth the King, that I was ever.  
 Nay, soft, quoth the Miller, thou may'st be a  
 Spright :

Better I'll know thee, e're Hands I will take ;  
 With none but honest Men, Hands will I shake.

Thus they went all along unto the Miller's House,  
 Where they were feething of Puddings and  
 Soufe :  
 The Miller first enter'd in, then after him the  
 King ;

Never came he in so smoaky a House.  
 Now (quoth he) let me see here what you are ?  
 Quoth our King, look your Fill, and do not spare.

I like thy Countenance, thou hast an honest Face ;  
 With my Son *Richard* this Night thou shalt lye.  
 Quoth his Wife, By my Troth, it is a handsome  
 Youth ;

Yet it is best, Husband, for to deal warily :  
 Art thou not a Run-away, prithee Youth tell ?  
 Shew me thy Passport, and all shall be well.

Then our King presently, making low Courtesy,  
 With his Hat in his Hand, thus did he say ;  
 I have no Passport, nor ever was Servitor ;  
 But a poor Courtier, rode out of my way ;  
 And for your Kindness here offered me,  
 I will requite it in every Degree :

Then to the Miller his Wife whisper'd secretly,  
 Saying, It seems, this Youth's of good Kin,  
 Both by his Apparel, and eke by his Manners ;  
 To turn him out, certainly 'twere a great Sin,  
 D 4 Yea,

Yea, quoth he, you may see he hath some Grace,  
When he doth speak to his Betters in Place.

Well, quoth the Miller's Wife, young Man wel-  
come here ;

And, tho' I say it, well lodg'd shalt thou be :  
Fresh Straw I will have, laid on thy Bed so brave,  
Good brown hempen Sheets likewise, quoth she.  
Ay, quoth the good Man ; and when that is done,  
You shall lye with no worse than our own Son.

Nay, first, quoth *Richard*, Good-Fellow, tell me  
true ;

Hast thou no Creepers within thy gay Hose ?  
Or art thou not troubled with the *Scabbado* ?

I pray, quoth the King, what Things are  
those ?

Art thou not lowfy, nor scabby, quoth he ?  
If thou beest, surely thou ly'st not with me.

This caus'd the King suddenly, to laugh most  
heartily,

Till the Tears trickled down from his Eyes.  
Then to their Supper were they set orderly,  
With a hot Bag-Pudding, and good Apple-Pies ;  
Nappy Ale, good and stale, in a brown Bowl,  
Which did about the Board merrily rowl.

Here, quoth the Miller, Good Fellow, I'll drink  
to thee,

And to all the C——ls, where-ever they be.  
I'll pledge you, quoth our King, and thank you  
heartily,

For your good Welcome in every Degree.  
And here, in like manner, I'll drink to your Son :  
Do so, quoth *Richard* ; but quick let it come.

Wife,

Wife, quoth the Miller, fetch me forth Light-foot,

That we of his Sweetnefs a little may taste :  
A fair Ven'fon Pasty, then brought she forth presently ;

Eat, quoth the Miller ; but, Sir, make no waste.  
Here's dainty Light-foot, i' faith, said our King ;  
I never before did eat so dainty a Thing.

I wis (quoth *Richard*) no Dainty at all it is,  
For we do eat of it every Day.  
In what Place (said our King) may be bought  
like unto this ?

We never pay Penny for it by fay :  
From merry *Sherwood* we fetch it home here ;  
Now and then we make bold with our King's  
Deer.

Then I think (said our King) that it is Venifon.  
Each Fool, quoth *Richard*, full well may see that :  
Never are we without Two or Three under the  
Roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :  
But, prithee, say nothing where-ever you go ;  
We would not, for Two-pence, the King should  
it know.

Doubt not, then said the King, my promis'd Se-  
crefy ;

The King shall never know more on't for me.  
A Cup of Lamb's-wool they drank unto him then,  
And to their Beds they pass'd presently.  
The Nobles, next Morning, went all up and  
down,  
For to seek out the King in every Town :



Of them all, great and small, he did protest,  
The Miller of *Mansfield's* Sport liked him best.

And now, my Lords, quoth the King, I am de-  
termined,  
Against St. *George's* next sumptuous Feast,  
That this old Miller, our last confirm'd Knight,  
With his Son *Richard*, shall both be my Guests :  
For in this Merriment, 'tis my Desire  
To talk with the jolly Knight, and the young  
'Squire.

When as the Lords saw the King's Pleasantness,  
They were right joyful and glad in their  
Hearts ;  
A Pursuivant there was sent freight on the Bu-  
siness,  
The which had oftentimes been in those Parts.  
When he came to the Place where he did dwell,  
His Message orderly then he did tell.

God save your Worship, then said the Messenger,  
And grant your Lady her Heart's Desire ;  
And to your Son *Richard* good Fortune and Hap-  
piness ;  
That sweet young Gentleman, and gallant  
young 'Squire.  
Our King greets you all, and thus doth say,  
You must come to the Court on St. *George's* Day ;

Therefore, in any Case, fail not to be in Place.  
I wis, quoth the Miller, this is an odd Jest :  
What should we do there? Faith, I am half  
afraid ;  
I doubt (quoth *Richard*) be hang'd at the least.  
Nay, quoth the Messenger, you do mistake ;  
Our King he provides a great Feast for your Sake.  
Then

Then said the Miller, Now by troth, Messenger,  
 Thou hast contented my Worship full well.  
 Hold, here's Three Farthings, to quit thy great  
 Gentleness,  
 For these happy Tidings which thou dost me  
 tell.

Let me see, here's to thee : tell to our King,  
 We'll wait on his Mastership in every Thing.

The Purfuivant smiled at their Simplicity,  
 And making many Legs, took their Reward :  
 And taking then his Leave with great Humility,  
 To the King's Court again he repair'd;  
 Shewing unto his Grace, in each Degree,  
 The Knight's most liberal Gift and Bounty.

When he was gone away, thus did the Miller  
 say,  
 Here come Expences and Charges indeed ;  
 Now we must needs be brave, tho' we spend all  
 we have ;  
 For of new Garments we have great Need :  
 Of Horses and Serving-Men we must have Store,  
 With Bridles and Saddles, and Twenty Things  
 more.

Tush, Sir *John*, quoth his Wife, never fret nor  
 frown ;  
 You shall be at no more Charges for me,  
 For I will turn and trim up my old Ruffet  
 Gown,  
 With every Thing as fine as may be ;  
 And on our Mill Horses full swift we will ride,  
 With Pillows and Pannels as we shall provide.

In

In this most stately Sort, rode they unto the  
Court,

Their jolly Son *Richard* foremost of all :  
Who set up by good Hap, a Cock's Feather in his  
Cap,  
And so they jetted down towards the King's  
Hall :  
The merry old Miller, with his Hands on his  
Side ;  
His Wife, like Maid *Marian*, did mince at that  
Tide.

The King and his Nobles, that heard of his  
coming,  
Meeting this gallant Knight, with his brave  
Train ;  
Welcome, Sir Knight, quoth he, with this your  
gay Lady ;  
Good Sir *John Cockle*, once welcome again :  
And so is the 'Squire, of Courage so free.  
Quoth *Dick*, Abots on you ; do you know me ?

Quoth our King gently, How should I forget thee ?  
Thou wast my own Bed-fellow, well that I wot :  
But I think of a Trick, tell me that, prithee  
*Dick*,  
How thou with Farting did'st make the Bed  
hot ?  
Thou whore-son happy Knave, then quoth the  
Knight,  
Speak cleanly to our King, or else go sh—te.

The King and his Courtiers heartily laugh at  
this,  
While the King took them both by the Hand ;  
With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen  
of Spades,  
The Miller's Wife did so orderly stand :  
A Milk-



A Milk-Maid's Curtesy at every Word ;  
And down the Folks were fet at the Side-board :

Where the King royally, in Princely Majesty,  
Sat at his Dinner with Joy and Delight :  
When they had eaten well, to Jestng then they fell,

And the King then drank to the Knight :  
Here's to you both, he said, in Wine, Ale and Beer ;  
Thanking you all for your Country Cheer.

Quoth Sir *John Cockle*, I'll pledge you a Pottle,  
Were it the best Ale in *Nottinghamshire* :  
But then said our King, I do think of a Thing ;  
Some of your Light-foot I would we had here.

Ho, ho, quoth *Richard*, full well I might say it,  
'Tis Knavery to eat it, and then to betray it.

Why, art thou angry ? quoth our King merrily ;  
In faith, I take it very unkind :  
I thought thou would'st pledge me in Ale and Wine here.  
You're like to stay, quoth *Dick*, till I have din'd :

You feed us with twatling Dishes so small ;  
Z——ds, a Black-pudding is better than all.

Ay, marry, quoth our King, that were a dainty Thing,

If a Man could get one here for to eat.  
With that *Dick* arose, and pluck'd one out of his Hofe,  
Which with Heat of his Breech began for to sweat.

The

The King made a Proffer to snatch it away :  
 'Tis Meat for your Master ; good Sir, you must  
 stay.

Thus in great Merriment, was the Time wholly  
 spent ;

And then the Ladies prepared to dance :  
 Old Sir *Fohn Cockle*, and *Richard*, incontinent  
 Unto this Practice the King did advance :  
 Here with the Ladies such Sport they did make,  
 The Nobles with laughing did make their Sides  
 ake.

Many Thanks for their Pains did the King give  
 them,

Asking young *Richard*, if he would wed ;  
 Among these Ladies free, tell me which liketh  
 thee ?

Quoth he, *Fugg Grumbel*, with the red Head :  
 She's my Love, she's my Life, she will I wed ;  
 She hath sworn I shall have her Maiden-head.

Then Sir *Fohn Cockle* the King call'd unto him,  
 And of merry *Sherwood* made him Over-seer ;  
 And gave him out of hand Three Hundred Pound  
 yearly ;

And now take heed you steal no more of my  
 Deer :

And once a Quarter let's here have your View ;  
 And thus, Sir *Fohn Cockle*, I bid you adieu.

IX. The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of *Robin Hood*, with *Clorinda*, Queen of *Titbury* Feast.

Supposed to be related by the Fiddler, who play'd at their Wedding.

*There is scarce any Story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of Robin Hood and Little John. Numbers there are, who look upon all that is said of 'em as fabulous, and believe 'em (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed nowhere, but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion only of a few unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but that they are grossly mistaken, is very certain. For when Richard the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrific'd every Thing to it, and ruin'd himself, and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the Infidels in the Holy Land, where he went in Person: The intestine Troubles of England were very great at that Time;*





*Time; and even John, the King's Brother, caball'd to dethrone him, and to take Possession of his Kingdom; this was an Opportunity, which the Out-laws and Banditti would by no means neglect; and England was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst these, none made so considerable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as our Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of Nottingham. Besides Little John, he had a Hundred Bow-men in his Retinue. But none but the Rich stood in awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he seldom abus'd those he robb'd; and never offer'd to stop, or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done his Country in War: But having riotously spent his Estate, he took to that Way of Living; rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any body for his Bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England, endeavouring all he could*

to

*to suppress these Robbers and Out-laws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of Robin Hood; and several Stratagems were made use of to apprehend him: But all their Attempts prov'd fruitless. Force he repell'd by Force, and Art by Cunning: Till at length falling sick, he went (in order to be the better taken care of) to Birkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire; where he desir'd to be let blood: But the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it prov'd a great Temptation to some who knew him; by whom he was betray'd; and instead of bleeding as he desir'd, he was blooded to Death, about the latter End of the Year 1195, or the Beginning of the following Year. As to the Song it self, I think I need not say any Thing in Commendation of it; being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant, written on that Subject. One Thing we must observe in reading it; and that is, between some of the Stanza's we must suppose a considerable Time to pass. Clorinda might be thought a very forward Girl, if, between Robin Hood's Question and her Answer, we did not suppose Two or Three Hours to have been spent in Courtship: And between Robin Hood's being entertain'd at Gamwell-Hall, and his having Ninety three Bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some Years. I know not how our Criticks will relish this;*  
*but*

*but I would have 'em remember, that our Poets of old scorn'd to curb the Poetick Fire, to give way to dull Rules. They had no tedious Comments upon Aristotle to consult; no Bossu's nor D-nn-s's to guide 'em, or, at least, they had too much Sense to be guided by them. Their Works were the first Flight of a lively Imagination; and Poets were look'd upon like other Englishmen, born to live and write with Freedom.*

**K**Ind Gentlemen, will you be patient a while ?  
 Ay, and then you shall hear anon  
 A very good Ballad of bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And of his Man, brave Little *John*.

In *Locksly* Town, in merry *Nottinghamshire*,  
 In merry sweet *Locksly* Town ;  
 There bold *Robin Hood* he was born and was bred,  
 Bold *Robin* of famous Renown.

The Father of *Robin* a Forester was,  
 And he shot in a lusty long Bow,  
 Two *North* Country Miles and an Inch at a Shot,  
 As the *Pinder* of *Wakefield* does know.

For he brought *Adam Bell*, and *Clim of the Clugh*,  
 And *William a Clowdel-le*,  
 To shoot with our Forester for Forty Mark ;  
 And the Forester beat them all Three.

His Mother was Niece to the *Coventry* Knight,  
 Which *Warwickshire* Men call Sir *Guy* ;  
 For he slew the blue Boar that hangs up at the  
 Or mine Host of the *Bull* tells a Lye. [Gate,

Her



Her Brother was *Gamwel*, of Great *Gamwel-Hall*,  
 And a Noble House-keeper was he,  
 Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet *Nottinghamshire*,  
 And a 'Squire of famous Degree.

The Mother of *Robin* said to her Husband,  
 My Honey, my Love, and my Dear ;  
 Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamwel*,  
 To taste of my Brother's good Cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Foan* ;  
 Take one of my Horses, I pray :  
 The Sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,  
 For To-morrow is *Christmas* Day.

Then *Robin Hood's* Father's grey Gelding was  
 And saddl'd and bridl'd was he ; [brought,  
 God wot, a blue-Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,  
 And a Cloak that did reach to his Knee.

She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,  
 They were of a light *Lincoln* Green ;  
 The Cloth was home-spun, but for Colour and  
 It might have befeem'd our Queen. [Make,

And then *Robin* got on his basket-hilt Sword,  
 And a Dagger on his t'other Side ;  
 And said, My dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,  
 We have Forty long Miles to ride.

When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding so grey,  
 His Father, without any Trouble,  
 Set her up behind him ; and bad her not fear,  
 For his Gelding had oft carry'd double.

And when she was settl'd, they rode to their  
 Neighbours,  
 And drank, and shook Hands with them all :  
 And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o're  
 Till they lighted at *Gamwel-Hall*.

And

And now you may think the right worshipful  
 Was joyful his Sister to see ;                    [Squire  
 For he kifs'd her, and kifs'd her, and swore a great  
 Thou art welcome, kind Sister, to me.            [Oath,

The Morrow, when Mafs had been said in the  
 Six Tables were cover'd in the Hall ;            [Chapel,  
 And in comes the 'Squire, and makes a short  
 Speech ;  
 It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a Man here, fhall tafte my *March* Beer,  
 Till a *Christmas*-Carol he does fing :  
 Then all clapt their Hands, and they fhouted and  
 Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring.            [fung,

Now Mustard's Braun, Roaft-Beef and Plumb-  
 Were fet upon every Table ;                    [Pies,  
 And Noble *George Gamwel* said, Eat and be merry,  
 And drink too as long as you're able.

When Dinner was ended, his Chaplain said Grace ;  
 And, Be merry, my Friends, said the 'Squire :  
 It rains, and it blows ; but call for more Ale,  
 And lay fome more Wood on the Fire.

And now call ye Little *Fohn* hither to me ;  
 For Little *Fohn* is a fine Lad  
 At Gambols, and Juggling, and Twenty fuch  
 Tricks,  
 As fhall make you both merry and glad.

When Little *Fohn* came, to Gambols they went,  
 Both Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Clown ;  
 And what do you think ? Why, as true as I  
 live,  
 Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.

And

And now you may think the right worshipful  
Was joyful this Sight for to see ; [Squire  
For he said, Cousin *Robin*, Thou'lt go no more  
But tarry, and dwell here with' me. [Home,

Thou shalt have my Land when I dye ; and till  
Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age. [then,  
Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said *Robin*,  
That Little *Fohn* may be my Page.

And he said, Kind Cousin, I grant thee thy Boon ;  
With all my Heart, so let it be :  
Then come hither, Little *Fohn*, said *Robin Hood* ;  
Come hither, my Page, unto me.

Go fetch me my Bow, my longest long Bow,  
And broad Arrows, one, two, or three ;  
For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into *Sherwood*,  
Some merry Pastime to see.

When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,  
He winded his Bugle so clear ;  
And twice Five and twenty good Yeomen and bold,  
Before *Robin Hood* did appear.

Where are your Companions all, said *Robin Hood* ?  
For still I want Forty and three :  
Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,  
All under a green Wood Tree.

As that Word was spoke, *Clorinda* came by ;  
The Queen of the Shepherds was she ;  
And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Grass,  
And her Buskin did reach to her Knee.

Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was strait,  
And her Countenance free from Pride ;  
A Bow in her Hand, a Quiver and Arrows  
Hung dangling by her sweet Side.

Her

Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her  
 And her Skin was as smooth as Glafs; [Hair,  
 Her Viſage ſpoke Wiſdom and Modeſty too;  
 Sets with *Robin Hood* ſuch a Laſs.

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, whither away?  
 Oh whither, fair Lady, away?  
 And ſhe made him Answer, To kill a fat Buck;  
 For To-morrow is *Titbury* Day.

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, wander with me  
 A little to yonder green Bow'r;  
 There ſit down to reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure  
 Of a Brace, or a Leaſe, in an Hour.

And as we were going towards the green Bow'r,  
 Two Hundred good Bucks we eſpy'd;  
 She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the Herd,  
 And ſhe ſhot him thro' ſide and ſide.

By the Faith of my Body, ſaid bold *Robin Hood*,  
 I never ſaw Woman like thee;  
 And com'ſt thou from  *Eaſt*, ay, or com'ſt thou from  
 Thou need'ſt not beg Ven'ſon of me. [ *Well*,

However, along to my Bow'r you ſhall go,  
 And taſte of a Foreſter's Meat:  
 And when we came thither, we found as good  
 As any Man needs for to eat. [ *Cheer*,

For there was hot Ven'ſon, and Warden Pies cold,  
 Cream clouted, and Honey-combs plenty;  
 And the Servitors they were, beſide Little *Fohn*,  
 Good Yeomen at leaſt Four and twenty.

*Clorinda* ſaid, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir?  
 And he ſaid, 'Tis bold *Robin Hood*:  
 'Squire *Gamwel's* mine Uncle; but all my De-  
 Is to dwell in the merry *Sherwood*: [light  
 For

For 'tis a fine Life ; and 'tis void of all Strife :  
 So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd,  
 But oh, said bold *Robin*, how sweet would it be,  
 If *Clorinda* would be my Bride !

She blush'd at the Motion ; yet, after a Pause,  
 Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my Heart.  
 Then let us send for a Priest, said *Robin Hood*,  
 And be merry before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle Sir ;  
 For I must be at *Titbury* Feast :  
 And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,  
 I'll make him the most welcome Guest.

Said *Robin Hood*, Reach me that Buck, Little  
 For I'll go along with my Dear : [*Fohn*,  
 And bid my Yeomen kill Six Brace of Bucks,  
 And meet me To-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden Five *Staffordshire* Miles,  
 Eight Yeomen, that were too bold,  
 Bid *Robin Hood* stand, and deliver his Buck ;  
 A truer Tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold *Robin* : Come, *Fohn*,  
 Stand to me, and we'll beat 'em all :  
 Then both drew their Swords, and so cut 'em and  
 That Five of the Eight did fall. [flash'd 'em,

The Three that remain'd, called to *Robin* for  
 Quarter,  
 And pitiful *Fohn* begg'd their Lives :  
 When *Fohn's* Boon was granted, he gave them  
 good Counsel,  
 And so sent them home to their Wives.

This

This Battel was fought near to *Titbury* Town,  
When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull ;  
I am King of the Fiddlers, and fwear 'tis a Truth ;  
And I call him that doubts it, a Gull.

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while ;  
And *Clorinda* fung, ' *Hey derry down !*  
' The Bumpkins are beaten ; Put up thy Sword,  
' And now let's dance into the Town. [ *Bob ;*

Before we came to it, we heard a strange Shout-  
And all that were in it look'd madly ; [ing,  
For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Mor-  
And some finging *Arthur a Bradley*. [ris,

And there we saw *Thomas*, our Justice's Clerk,  
And *Mary*, to whom he was kind :  
For *Tom* rode before her, and call'd *Mary* Madam,  
And kifs'd her full sweetly behind.

And so may your Worships. But we went to Din-  
With *Thomas*, and *Mary*, and *Nan* : [ner,  
They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,  
Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.

When Dinner was ended ; Sir *Roger*, the Parlon  
Of *Dubbridge*, was sent for in Haste :  
He brought his Mafs-Book, and he bad them take  
Hands ;  
And he join'd them in Marriage full fast.

And then, as bold *Robin Hood*, and his sweet Bride  
Went Hand in Hand to the green Bow'r ;  
The Birds fung with Pleasure in merry *Sherwood*,  
And 'twas a most joyful Hour.

And when *Robin* came in Sight of the Bow'r ;  
Where are my Yeomen, said he ?  
And Little *Fohn* answer'd, Lo yonder they stand,  
All under the green Wood Tree.

E

Then

Then a Garland they brought her, by two, and  
 And plac'd them at the Bride's Head : [by two,  
 The Musick struck up, and we all fell to dance,  
 Till the Bride and the Groom were a-bed.

And what they did there, must be Counfel to me,  
 Because they lay long the next Day :  
 And I had haste home : But I got a good Piece  
 Of the Bride-Cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,  
 That marry'd they were with a Ring :  
 And so will *Nan Knight*, or be bury'd a Maiden,  
 And now let us pray for our King ;

That He may get Children, and they may get  
 To govern, and do us some good : [more,  
 And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood's* Bow'r,  
 And sing 'em in merry *Sherwood*.





X. *Robin Hood*, and *Little John*.

Being an Account of their first Meeting,  
their fierce Encounter, and Conquest.

To which is added,

Their Friendly Agreement ; And how he  
came to be call'd *Little John*.

---

To the Tune of *Arthur a Bland*.

---

*Our Poets differ very much about the Manner in which our Two Heroes first became acquainted : But if we reflect a little, we shall easily see, that the Error is in the former Song. For Robin Hood begs Little John for his Page ; tho' the Poet has mention'd no other of his Qualifications, than that he was a fine Lad at Christmas Gambols : Whereas it is recorded of this valiant Captain, That he never took any Man into his Service, whose Courage, Skill and Strength, he had not made a Tryal of himself. This seems confirm'd, not only by the Ballad of*

E 2

*Little*



*Little John, but by that of Arthur a Bland,  
immediately following it; which I shall in-  
sert without any manner of Introduction.  
I think that there is something very hu-  
morous in the following Song; especially in  
the Ceremony of Re-christening Little John.  
Nor does his meeting with Arthur a Bland,  
in the next, and throwing his Staff away as  
far as he could fling it, when he heard who  
he was; make a contemptible Figure in Verse.  
But I will not dwell on the Beauties of these  
Ballads; not questioning but my Readers will  
easily discover them.*

**W**Hen *Robin Hood* was about Twenty Years Old,  
    *With a Hey down, down, and a down ;*  
He happen'd to meet Little *John* ;  
A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for the Trade,  
    For he was a lusty young Man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his Limbs they were  
    *With a Hey, &c.* [large ;  
And his Stature was Seven Foot high :  
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his Name,  
    For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,  
    *With a Hey, &c.*  
If you will but listen a while ;  
For this very Jest, amongst all the rest,  
    I think it may cause you to smile.

Bold *Robin Hood* said to his jolly Bow-men,  
    *With a Hey, &c.*  
Pray tarry you here in this Grove ;  
And see that you all, observe well my Call,  
    While thorough the Forest I rove.

We

We have had no Sport for these Fourteen long  
*With a Hey, &c.* [Days,

Therefore now abroad will I go :  
 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,  
 My Horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake Hands with his merry Men all,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And bid them at present good b'w'ye ;  
 Then as near a Brook, his Journey he took,  
 A Stranger he chanc'd to espy :

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And neither of them would give way :  
 Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, and sturdily stood,  
 I'll show you right *Nottingham* Play.

With that, from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

A broad Arrow with a Goose-Wing ;  
 The Stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy Hide,  
 If thou offer'ft to touch the String.

Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, Thou dost prate like an  
*With a Hey, &c.* [As,

For were I to bend but my Bow,  
 I could fend a Dart, quite thro' thy proud Heart,  
 Before thou could'ft strike me one Blow.

Thou talk'ft like a Coward, the Stranger reply'd,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Well arm'd with a low Bow you stand,  
 To shoot at my Breast ; while I, I protest,  
 Have nought but a Staff in my Hand.

The Name of a Coward, quoth *Robin*, I scorn ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by :  
 And now, for thy Sake, a Staff will I take,  
 The Truth of thy Manhood to try.

Then *Robin Hood* slept to a Thicket of Trees,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And chose him a Staff of Ground Oak ;  
 Now this being done, away he did run  
 To the Stranger, and merrily spoke :

Lo, see my Staff, it is lusty and tough ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Now here on the Bridge we will play :  
 Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
 The Battel ; and so we'll away.

With all my whole Heart, the Stranger reply'd,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

I scorn in the least to give out :  
 This said, they fell to't, without more Dispute,  
 And their Staffs they did flourish about.

And first *Robin* he gave the Stranger a Bang,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

So hard, that it made his Bones ring :  
 The Stranger he said, This must be repaid ;  
 I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle my Staff,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

To die in your Debt, Friend, I scorn :  
 Then to it both goes, and follow'd their Blows,  
 As if they'd been Threshing of Corn.

The

The Stranger gave *Robin* a Crack on the Crown,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Which caufed the Blood to appear ;  
 Then *Robin* enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,  
 And follow'd his Blows more fevere :

So thick and fo faft did he lay it on him,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

With a paffionate Fury and Ire ;  
 At every Stroke, he made him to fmoke,  
 As if he had been all on a fire.

O then into Fury the Stranger he grew,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And gave him a damnable Look ;  
 And with it a Blow, that laid him full low,  
 And tumbl'd him into the Brook.

I prithee, good Fellow, O where art thou now ?  
*With a Hey, &c.*

The Stranger, in Laughter, he cry'd :  
 Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, good Faith, in the Flood,  
 And floating along with the Tide.

I needs muft acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

With thee I'll no longer contend ;  
 For needs muft I fay, thou haft got the Day,  
 Our Battel fhall be at an End.

Then, then to the Bank he did prefently wade,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And pull'd himfelf out by a Thorn :  
 Which done, at the laft, he blow'd a loud Blaft  
 Straitway on his fine Bugle-Horn.

The Eccho of which thro' the Vallies did fly,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

At which his stout Bow-men appear'd,  
 All cloathed in Green, most gay to be seen ;  
 So up to their Master they steer'd :

O what's the Matter, quoth *William Stuteley* ?  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Good Master, you are wet to the Skin.  
 No Matter, quoth he ; the Lad which you see,  
 In fighting, hath tumbld me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*

So straight they were feizing him there,  
 To duck him likewise : But *Robin Hood* cries,  
 He is a stout Fellow ; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, Friend, be not  
*With a Hey, &c.* [afraid ;

These Bow-men upon me do wait :  
 There's Threescore and nine ; if thou wilt be  
 Thou shalt have my Livery strait ; [mine,

And other Accoutrements fit for a Man :  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Speak up, jolly Blade ; never fear.  
 I'll teach you also, the Use of the Bow,  
 To shoot at the fat Fallow-Deer.

O here is my Hand, the Stranger reply'd,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

I'll serve you with all my whole Heart :  
 My name is *John Little*, a Man of good Mettle ;  
 Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my Part.

His

His Name shall be alter'd, quoth *William Stutely*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And I will his Godfather be :  
 Prepare then a Feast, and none of the least ;  
 For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd in a Brace of fat Does,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 With humming strong Liquor likewise :  
 They lov'd what was good ; so in the green Wood  
 This pretty fweet Babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but Seven Foot high,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And may be an Ell in the Waste :  
 A pretty fweet Lad : Much Feasting they had ;  
 Bold *Robin* the Christ'ning grac'd,

With all his Bow-men, which stood in a Ring,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And were of the *Nottingham* Breed :  
 Brave *Stutely* comes then, with Seven Yeomen,  
 And did in this Manner proceed :

This Infant was called *John Little*, quoth he ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Which Name shall be changed anon :  
 The Words we'll transpose ; so where-ever he  
 His Name shall be call'd *Little John*. [goes,

They all with a Shout made the Elements ring,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 So soon as the Office was o're,  
 To Feasting they went, with true Merriment,  
 And tippl'd strong Liquor gillore.

Then *Robin* he took the pretty sweet Babe,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And cloath'd him from Top to the Toe  
 In Garments of Green, most gay to be seen,  
 And gave him a curious long Bow.

Thou shalt be an Archer as well as the best,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

And range in the green Wood with us ;  
 Where we'll not want Gold nor Silver, behold,  
 While Bishops have ought in their Purse.

We live here like 'Squires, or Lords of Renown,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Without e're a Foot of Free Land ;  
 We feast on good Cheer, with Wine, Ale and  
 And ev'ry Thing at our Command. [Beer,

Then Musick and Dancing did finish the Day ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*

At length, when the Sun waxed low,  
 Then all the whole Train, the Grove did refrain,  
 And unto their Caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,  
*With a Hey down, down, and a down ;*

Altho' he was proper and tall,  
 Yet nevertheless, the Truth to express,  
 Still Little *John* they did him call.



# *XL. Robin Hood and the Tanner :*

O R,

*Robin Hood* met with his Match.

---

To the Tune of *Robin Hood and the Stranger*.

---

**I**N *Nottingham* there lives a jolly Tanner,  
*With a Hey down, down, and a down ;*  
 His Name is *Arthur a Bland ;*  
 There's never a 'Squire, in *Nottinghamshire*,  
 Dare bid bold *Arthur* to stand :

With a long Pike-Staff upon his Shoulder,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 So well he can clear his way,  
 By two and by three, he makes them to flee,  
 For he hath no Lift to stay.

And as he went out in a Summer-Morning,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Into the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
 To view the red Deer, which run here and there,  
 There met he bold *Robin Hood*.

As soon as bold *Robin* did him espy,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 He thought some Sport he would make ;  
 Therefore out of hand, he bid him to stand,  
 And thus unto him he spake :

Why,



Why, what art thou, thou bold Fellow?

*With a Hey, &c.*

That rangest so boldly here :  
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a Thief,  
That comes to steal our King's Deer.

For I am a Keeper in this Forest,

*With a Hey, &c.*

The King puts me in Trust,  
To look to his Deer, that range here and there ;  
Therefore stop thee I must.

If thou beest a Keeper in this Forest,

*With a Hey, &c.*

And hast such a great Command ;  
Yet you must have more Partakers in Store,  
Before you make me to stand.

No, I have no more Partakers in Store,

*With a Hey, &c.*

Or any that I do need :  
But I have Staff of another Oak-Graft,  
I know it will do the Deed.

For thy Sword and thy Bow I care not a Straw,

*With a Hey, &c.*

Nor all thy Arrows to-boot :  
If thou get'st a Knock upon thy bare Scop,  
Thou can'st as well sh-t as shoot.

Speak cleanly, good Fellow, said jolly *Robin*,

*With a Hey, &c.*

And give better Terms unto me ;  
Else I'll thee correct for thy Neglect,  
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry

Marry gap with a wanion, quoth *Arthur a Bland*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Art thou such a goodly Man ?  
 I care not a Fig for thy looking so big ;  
 Mend you your self where you can.

Then *Robin Hood* unbuckled his Belt,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And laid down his Bow so long ;  
 He took up his Staff of another Oak-Graft,  
 That was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy Weapon, said jolly *Robin*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine ;  
 For I have a Staff of another Oak-Graft,  
 Not Half a Foot longer than thine.

But let me measure, said jolly *Robin*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Before we begin the Fray ;  
 For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,  
 For that will be counted foul Play.

I pafs not for Length, bold *Arthur* reply'd,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 My Staff is of Oak so free ;  
 Eight Foot and a half, it will knock down a Calf,  
 And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then *Robin* he could no longer forbear,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 But gave him a very good Knock ;  
 Quickly and soon the Blood it run down,  
 Before it was Ten o' Clock.

Then

Then *Arthur* soon recover'd himself,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And gave him a Knock on the Crown,  
 That from every Side of *Robin's* Head  
 The Blood it run trickling down.

Then *Robin Hood* raged like a wild Boar,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 As soon as he saw his own Blood :  
 Then *Bland* was in haste, he laid on so fast,  
 As if he had been cleaving of Wood :

And about, and about, and about they went,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Like Two wild Boars in a Chace ;  
 Striving to aim, each other to maim,  
 Leg, Arm, or any other Place.

And Knock for Knock they lustily dealt,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Which held for Two Hours, or more ;  
 That all the Wood rang, at every Bang,  
 They ply'd their Work so fore.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And let our Quarrel fall ;  
 For here we may thrash, our Bones all to Mash,  
 And get no Coin at all.

And in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Hereafter thou shalt be free :  
 God ha' Mercy for nought, my Freedom I bought,  
 I may thank my good Staff, and not thee.

What

What Tradefman art thou, faid jolly *Robin* ?  
*With a Hey, &c.*

Good Fellow, I prithee, me show ?  
 And alfo me tell, in what Place you dwell ?  
 For both of thefe fain would I know.

I am a Tanner, bold *Arthur* reply'd,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 In *Nottingham* long have I wrought ;  
 And if thou come there, I do vow and fwear,  
 I'll tan thy Hide for nought.

God ha' Mercy, Good Fellow, faid jolly *Robin*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Since thou art fo kind and free,  
 And if thou wilt tan my Hide for nought,  
 I'll do as much for thee.

But if thou'lt forfake thy Tanner's Trade,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And live in the green Wood with me ;  
 My Name is *Robin Hood*, I fwear by the Wood,  
 I will give thee both Gold and Fee.

If thou be *Robin Hood*, bold *Arthur* reply'd,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 As I think well thou art ;  
 Then here's my Hand, my Name's *Arthur a Bland*,  
 We Two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little *John* ?  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Of him fain would I hear ;  
 For we are ally'd, by the Mother's Side,  
 And he is my Kinfman near.

Then

Then *Robin Hood* blew on the Bugle Horn,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 He blew both loud and shrill ;  
 And quickly anon, he saw Little *John*  
 Come tripping down a green Hill.

O what is the Matter, then said Little *John* ?  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 Master, I pray you, tell :  
 Why do you stand, with your Staff in your Hand ?  
 I fear all is not well.

O Man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand :  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 The Tanner, that stands me beside,  
 He is a bonny Blade, and Master of his Trade,  
 For he soundly hath tann'd my Hide.

He is to be commended, then said Little *John*,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 If he such a Feat can do :  
 If he be so stout, we will have a Bout ;  
 And he shall tan my Hide too.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood* ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 For as I do understand,  
 He's a Yeoman good, and of thy own Blood,  
 And his Name is *Arthur a Bland*.

Then Little *John* threw his Staff away,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 As far as he could fling ;  
 And run out of hand, to *Arthur a Bland*,  
 And about his Neck did cling.

With

With loving Respect, there was no Neglect ;  
*With a Hey, &c.*

They were neither nice nor coy :  
 Each other did face, with a lovely Grace,  
 And both did weep for Joy.

Then *Robin Hood* took them by the Hands,  
*With a Hey, &c.*  
 And danced about the Oak-tree ;  
 For Three merry Men, and Three merry Men,  
 And Three merry Men we be.

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,  
*With a Hey down, down, and a down ;*  
 We Three will be all as one :  
 The Wood it shall ring, and the old Wife sing,  
 Of *Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.*





XII. *Robin Hood Rescuing Will. Stutly*,  
from the Sheriff and his Men, who  
had taken him Prisoner, and were  
going to hang him, &c.

---

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and Queen Catherine*.

---

*When I first began to compile this Volume, I selected (out of about Twenty four Songs of Robin Hood, which are still extant) Eight or Nine of those I thought the best and oldest, intending to give 'em a Place in this Collection; they being all (the Ballads of Little John and Arthur a Bland excepted) written on Subjects which very much vary from one another: But I find that I should swell my Book too much with one Story; and therefore I shall conclude this Subject with the Rescue of Will. Stutly, and reservethereft for another Opportunity. But as my Readers may not understand what is meant in one of the foregoing Songs, by their never wanting Money, whilst Bishops have ought in their Purse; I must acquaint them, that*  
*Half*







*Half of these Ballads have a Stroke at the Bishop; and some are wholly taken up with the Adventures of a Prelate and Robin Hood. One tells you, what Stratagems this Outlaw used, to rob the Bishop of Hereford: Another, That this Prelate, enraged at what was done, contriv'd to take Robin Hood: but failing in his Attempt, was himself taken, and bound to a Tree; where they made him sing Mass. A Third, That Robin Hood, invited by the Queen, came to Court; where a Match of Shooting was propos'd between him and the King's Archers; and the Bishop laying a very considerable Wager on the Side of the last, lost his Money. From these several Old Songs, we may conclude, that they had some merry Story in those Times, of Robin Hood and a Bishop; but what it was, 'tis impossible to say. I know no Story of him more probable, than what is related in the following Ballad, of his Rescuing one of his Men; for he certainly lov'd and encourag'd 'em all; whilst, on the other hand, they were faithful to their Master, and to each other, to the last. And a Man of such a bold and enterprizing Spirit, (as he is reported to be) would have encounter'd an Army, to save one of his Followers from an ignominious Death.*

When

When *Robin Hood* in the green Wood flood,  
*Derry, derry, down ;*  
 Under the green Wood Tree ;  
 Tidings there came to him with Speed,  
 Tidings for Certainty ;  
*Hey down, derry, derry down :*

That *Will. Stutly* surprized was,  
 And eke in Prifon lay ;  
 Three Varlets, that the King had hir'd,  
 Did likely him betray :

Ay, and To-morrow hang'd muft be,  
 To-morrow, as foon as Day :  
 Before they could the Victory get,  
 Two of 'em did *Stutly* flay.

When *Robin Hood* did hear this News,  
 Lord, it did grieve him fore ;  
 And to his merry Men he faid,  
 Who all together fwore,

That *Will. Stutly* should refcu'd be,  
 And be brought back again ;  
 Or elfe should many a gallant Wight,  
 For his Sake, there be flain.

He cloath'd himfelf in Scarlet then,  
 His Men were all in Green ;  
 A finer Show throughout the World  
 In no Place could be feen.

Good Lord, it was a gallant Sight,  
 To fee them all a-row !  
 With ev'ry Man a good broad Sword,  
 And eke a good Yew-Bow.

Forth

Forth of the green Wood are they gone,  
 Yea, all couragiously ;  
 Resolving to bring *Stutly* home,  
 Or every Man to dye.

And when they came to the Castle near,  
 Wherein *Will. Stutly* lay ;  
 I hold it good, said *Robin Hood*,  
 We here in Ambush stay ;

And send one forth some News to hear,  
 To yonder Palmer fair,  
 That stands under the Castle-Wall ;  
 Some News he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young Man,  
 Which was of Courage bold ;  
 Thus he did say to the Old Man,  
 I pray thee, Palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,  
 When must *Will. Stutly* dye ?  
 Who is one of bold *Robin's* Men,  
 And here doth Prisoner lye.

Alas, alas, the Palmer said,  
 And for ever Woe is me !  
*Will. Stutly* hang'd will be this Day,  
 On yonder Gallows Tree :

O had his Noble Master known,  
 He would some Succour send ;  
 A few of his bold Yeomandry  
 Full soon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young Man said ;  
 Ay, that is true, said he :  
 Or if they were near to this Place,  
 They soon would set him free.

But

But, fare thou well, thou good old Man ;  
 Farewel, and Thanks to thee :  
 If *Stutly* hanged be this Day,  
 Reveng'd his Death will be.

No fooner he was from the Palmer gone,  
 But the Gates were open'd wide ;  
 And out of the Castle *Will. Stutly* came,  
 Guarded on every Side.

When he was forth from the Castle come,  
 And saw no Help was nigh ;  
 Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,  
 Thus he said gallantly :

Now seeing that I needs must dye,  
 Grant me one Boon, said he ;  
 For my Noble Master ne're had Man,  
 That yet was hang'd on Tree :

Give me a Sword all in my Hand,  
 And let me be unbound ;  
 And with thee and thy Men I'll fight,  
 Till I lye dead on the Ground.

But this Desire he would not grant,  
 His Wishes were in vain ;  
 For the Sheriff swore, he hang'd should be,  
 And not by the Sword be slain.

Do but unbind my Hands, he says ?  
 I will no Weapons crave ;  
 And if I hanged be this Day,  
 Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the Sheriff said ;  
 Thou shalt on Gallows dye :  
 Ay, and so shall thy Master too,  
 If ever in me it lye.

O da-

O dastard Coward, *Stutly* cries,  
Faint-hearted, Peasant Slave !  
If ever my Master do thee meet,  
Thou shalt thy Payment have.

My Noble Master thee doth scorn,  
And all thy cowardly Crew ;  
Such filly Imps unable are  
Bold *Robin* to subdue.

But when he was to the Gallows gone,  
And ready to bid adieu ;  
Out of a Bush steps Little *John*,  
And goes *Will. Stutly* to :

I pray thee, *Will.* before thou dye,  
Of thy dear Friends take Leave :  
I needs must borrow him a while ;  
How say you, Master Sheriff ?

Now, as I live, the Sheriff said,  
That Varlet will I know :  
Some sturdy Rebel is that fame,  
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little *John*, most hastily,  
Away cut *Stutly's* Bands,  
And from one of the Sheriff's Men  
A Sword twitch'd from his Hands :

Here, *Will. Stutly*, take thou this fame ;  
Thou can't it better sway :  
And here defend thy self a while,  
For Aid will come straightway.

And there they turn'd them Back to Back,  
In the Midst of them that Day,  
Till *Robin Hood* approached near,  
With many an Archer gay.

With that, an Arrow from them flew ;  
 I wist, from *Robin Hood* :  
 Make hafte, make hafte, the Sheriff he said ;  
 Make hafte, for it is not good.

The Sheriff is gone ; his doughty Men  
 Thought it no Boot to stay ;  
 But, as their Master had them taught,  
 They run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, *Will. Stutly* said ;  
 Take leave, e're you depart ;  
 You ne're will catch bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, said *Robin Hood*,  
 That you so soon are gone ;  
 My Sword may in the Scabbard rest,  
 For here our Work is done.

I little thought, *Will. Stutly* said,  
 When I came to this Place,  
 For to have met with Little *John*,  
 Or have seen my Master's Face.

Thus *Stutly* he was at Liberty set,  
 And safe brought from his Foe :  
 O Thanks, O Thanks to my Master,  
 Since here it was not fo.

And once again, my Fellows dear,  
*Derry, derry, down ;*  
 We shall in the green Woods meet ;  
 Where we will make our Bow-strings twang,  
 Musick for us most sweet :  
*Hey down, derry, derry down.*



XIII. A Warning-Piece to *England*,  
against Pride and Wickedness :

Being the Fall of Queen *Eleanor*, wife to  
*Edward* the First, King of *England*; who,  
for her Pride, by God's Judgments, sunk  
into the Ground at *Charing-Cross*, and rose  
at *Queen-Hithe*.

---

To the Tune of, *Gentle and Courteous*.

---

*I never was more surprized, than at the Sight  
of the following Ballad; little expecting to  
see Pride and Wickedness laid to the Charge  
of the most Affable and most Virtuous of  
Women: Whose glorious Actions are not re-  
corded by our Historians only; for no Fo-  
reign Writers, who have touch'd upon those  
Early Times, have in Silence pass'd over  
this Illustrious Princess; and every Nation  
rings with the Praise of Eleonora Isabella,  
of Castile, King Edward's Queen. Fa-  
ther Le Moine, who (in his Gallerie des  
Femmes Fortes) has search'd all Christen-  
dom*



dom round, (from its very Infancy, to the last Age) for Five Heroines, very partially bestows the first Place upon one of his own Country-Women; but gives the Second, with a far superior Character, to this Queen. That my Readers may have some Idea of her, I shall take notice of one Action, in which her Virtue, her Conjugal Fidelity, and her Heroick Bravery, will at once appear. This Lady, who was Sister to the King of Castile, was married to Prince Edward, Son to King Henry the Third. The English, some Time after, undertaking the Holy War, Prince Edward went thither in Person, accompanied by his Princess, (who never forsook him) his Brother Edmund, and several of the Chief Nobility. There he was wounded with a poison'd Arrow, as some relate; or, as our own Historians tell it, he was stabb'd in several Places with a poison'd Knife, by a treacherous Saracen. Upon examining his Wounds, his Physicians judg'd 'em mortal, unless somebody would resolve to die, to save his Life; which might be effected, by their sucking the Poison out of the Wounds. At the hearing of this, Eleonora flew towards her Husband, with all the eager Haste of an impatient Lover; and unbinding his Wounds, she began to suck 'em her self; unwilling, when her Husband's Safety might be wrought, to trust the important

*portant Task to any one else, lest they should do their Work by Halves. Heaven, doubtless, pleas'd with this pious Act, took the Princess under its immediate Protection; nor had the Poison, which she suck'd, the least Effect upon her; but she return'd with her Husband, and reign'd in England several Years. There are many Things besides in this Ballad, which, if we believe 'em said of Queen Eleanor, must appear ridiculous: As, her Inventing of Coaches; which were not known in England, till above Two Hundred and Fifty Years after her Death: Her being jealous of the Lord-Mayor's Wife, because she had a Child; which Eleanor could no ways be suppos'd to be, having Thirteen by King Edward: And the Manner and Place of her Dying; which, in fact, was at Herdeley in Lincolnshire, as she was accompanying the King her Husband towards Scotland; for she always was the Kind Companion of his Travels. Her Behaviour at her Death, is recommended as an Example to Posterity: And this seems confirm'd by her Epitaph; which, I believe, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to my Learned Readers.*

[ 100 ]

Nobilis *Hispani* jacet  
Hic Soror inclyta Regis,  
Eximij Confors  
ELEONORA Thori,  
EDWARDI Primi *Wallorum*  
Principis Uxor,  
Cui Pater HENRICUS Tertius  
*Anglus* erat.  
Hanc ille Uxorem gnato petit:  
Omine Princeps  
Legati Munus  
Suscepit ipse bono.  
ALFONSO Fratri placuit  
Felix Hymenæus,  
Germanam EDUARDO  
Nec fine Dote dedit,  
Dos præclara fuit  
Nec tali indigna Marito,  
*Pontino* Princeps  
Munere dives erat:  
Femina Confilio prudens,  
Pia, Prole beata,  
Auxit Amicitiiis,  
Auxit Honore Virum.  
*DISCE MORI.*

*That*

*That my Female Readers may not be wholly depriv'd of the Benefit of this Epitaph, I shall give them the Meaning of the Five last Lines.*

She was a Woman prudent, wise in Coun-  
cils,  
Pious, blest'd in a numerous Offspring:  
She increas'd the Friends, Alliances,  
And Honours of her Husband.

From her Example, *LEARN TO DIE.*

*It may here, probably, be ask'd, Why I did not omit a Ballad, which (in every Circumstance) differs so very widely from History? But I thought I could not in Justice do it: For there are Numbers of People, who know nothing more of the Transactions of former Times, than what they meet with in these Old Songs; And when I saw so fair a Reputation so foully blasted, and had such an Opportunity, I thought it my Duty to vindicate it. Nor do I think, that our Poet had a Design only to preach, or to blacken Characters; I look upon this Song as a severe Satyr, written in the Days of Queen Mary the First. Nor is this barely a Conjecture; for every Circumstance which I have advanc'd, to prove that it could not be meant*

of Queen Eleanor, seems to confirm its Relation to Queen Mary. As, The Invention of Coaches, which is recorded to have been in her Time; Her Jealousy of a Woman who was bro't to Bed; for Queen Mary never had a Child, notwithstanding that it had been given out in all Churches that she was big, and publick Prayers made for her safe Delivery. Nor can it be thought absurd, that she should be call'd a Spaniard; for she was Daughter to Katherine, an Infanta of Spain, and (after her Coronation) marry'd to Philip, Prince of Spain. I do not know what particular Fact is meant, by her Usage of the Mayor of London's Wife; but I am apt to think it spoken of her Cruelties in general: And her being swallow'd up, seems to be a Threat of the Poet's, That unless she amended, Vengeance would overtake her. A Plan for this Satyr being thus form'd, I am apt to think, our Poet look'd back for a Spanish Queen, that he might the better disguise his Satyr, and not lay himself so open to Censure, as he would otherwise have been: And, probably, Eleanor was the first Spanish Princess whose Name he met with. Probably, he chose out this pious Queen, that People might easily see, tho' it was said, it could not be meant of her; and, perhaps, he was glad to mention one so good and virtuous, that People might look back upon her

Histo-

*History, and see the Difference between her  
and the bigotted Queen, who then sway'd the  
English Sceptre.*

When *Edward* was in *England* King,  
The First of all that Name,  
Proud *Ellinor* he made his Queen,  
A stately *Spanish* Dame :  
Whose wicked Life, and sinful Pride,  
Thro' *England* did excel ;  
To dainty Dames, and gallant Maids,  
This Queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent  
In Coaches brave to ride ;  
She was the first that brought this Land  
To deadly Sin of Pride.  
No *English* Taylor here could serve  
To make her Rich Attire ;  
But sent for Taylors into *Spain*,  
To feed her vain Desire.

They brought in Fashions strange and new,  
With Golden Garments bright ;  
The Farthingale, and mighty Ruff,  
With Gowns of rich Delight :  
The *London* Dames, in *Spanish* Pride,  
Did flourish every where ;  
Our *English* Men, like Women then,  
Did wear long Locks of Hair.

Both Man and Child, both Maid and Wife,  
Were drown'd in Pride of *Spain* ;  
And thought the *Spanish* Taylors then  
Our *English* Men did stain :

Whereat the Queen did much despite,  
 To see our *English* Men  
 In Vestures clad, as brave to see,  
 As any *Spaniard* then.

She crav'd the King, That ev'ry Man  
 That wore long Locks of Hair,  
 Might then be cut and polled all,  
 Or shaved very near.

Whereat the King did seem content,  
 And soon thereto agreed ;  
 And first commanded, That his own  
 Should then be cut with Speed.

And after that, to please his Queen,  
 Proclaimed thro' the Land,  
 That ev'ry Man that wore long Hair,  
 Should poll him out of hand.

But yet this *Spaniard*, not content,  
 To Women bore a Spite,  
 And then requested of the King,  
 Against all Law and Right,

That ev'ry Womankind should have  
 Their Right Breast cut away ;  
 And then with burning Irons fear'd,  
 The Blood to stanch and stay !  
 King *Edward* then perceiving well  
 Her Spite to Womankind,  
 Devised soon by Policy,  
 And turn'd her bloody Mind :

He sent for burning Irons straight,  
 All sparkling hot to see ;  
 And said, ' O Queen, Come on thy way ;  
 ' I will begin with thee.  
 Which Words did much displease the Queen,  
 That Penance to begin ;  
 But ask'd him Pardon on her Knees ;  
 Who gave her Grace therein.

But

But afterwards she chanc'd to pass  
 Along brave *London* Streets,  
 Whereas the Mayor of *London's* Wife  
 In stately Sort she meets ;  
 With Musick, Mirth and Melody,  
 Unto the Church they went,  
 To give God Thanks, that to th' Lord Mayor  
 A Noble Son had sent.

It grieved much this spiteful Queen,  
 To see that any one  
 Should so exceed in Mirth and Joy,  
 Except her self alone :  
 For which, she after did devise  
 Within her bloody Mind,  
 And practis'd still most secretly,  
 To kill this Lady kind.

Unto the Mayor of *London* then  
 She sent her Letters straight,  
 To send his Lady to the Court,  
 Upon her Grace to wait.  
 But when the *London* Lady came  
 Before proud *El'nor's* Face ;  
 She stript her from her rich Array,  
 And kept her vile and base.

She sent her into *Wales* with Speed  
 And kept her secret there ;  
 And us'd her still more cruelly  
 Than ever Man did hear.  
 She made her wash, she made her starch,  
 She made her drudge away ;  
 She made her nurse up Children small,  
 And labour Night and Day.

But this contented not the Queen,  
 But shew'd her most Despite ;  
 She bound this Lady to a Post,  
 At Twelve a Clock at Night



And as, poor Lady, she stood bound,  
The Queen (in angry Mood)  
Did fet Two Snakes unto her Breast,  
That suck'd away her Blood.

Thus dy'd the Mayor of *London's* Wife,  
Most grievous for to hear ;  
Which made the *Spaniard* grow more proud,  
As after shall appear.  
The Wheat that daily made her Bread,  
Was bolted Twenty times ;  
The Food that fed this stately Dame,  
Was boil'd in costly Wines.

The Water that did spring from Ground,  
She would not touch at all ;  
But wash'd her Hands with Dew of Heav'n,  
That on sweet Roses fall.  
She bath'd her Body many a time  
In Fountains fill'd with Milk ;  
And ev'ry Day did change Attire,  
In costly *Median* Silk.

But coming then to *London* back,  
Within her Coach of Gold,  
A Tempest strange within the Skies  
This Queen did there behold :  
Out of which Storm she could not go,  
But there remain'd a Space ;  
Four Horses could not stir the Coach  
A Foot out of the Place.

A Judgment lately sent from Heav'n,  
For shedding guiltless Blood,  
Upon this sinful Queen, that slew  
The *London* Lady good !  
King *Edward* then, as Wisdom will'd,  
Accus'd her of that Deed :  
But she deny'd ; and wish'd, that God  
Would send his Wrath with Speed ;

If

If that upon so vile a Thing  
 Her Heart did ever think,  
 She wish'd the Ground might open wide,  
 And she therein might sink !  
 With that, at *Charing-Crofs* she sunk  
 Into the Ground alive ;  
 And after rose with Life again,  
 In *London*, at *Queen-Hithe*.

When, after that, she languish'd fore  
 Full Twenty Days in Pain,  
 At last confess'd, the Lady's Blood  
 Her guilty Hand had slain :  
 And likewise, how that by a Fryar  
 She had a base-born Child ;  
 Whose sinful Lufts, and Wickedness,  
 Her Marriage-Bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the Fall of Pride ;  
 A just Reward of Sin :  
 For, those that will forswear themselves,  
 God's Vengeance daily win.  
 Beware of Pride, ye Courtly Dames,  
 Both Wives and Maidens all ;  
 Bear this imprinted on your Mind,  
 That 'Pride must have a Fall.





XIV. An Unhappy Memorable Song  
of the Hunting in *Chevy-Chace*, be-  
tween Earl *Piercy* of *England*, and  
Earl *Douglas* of *Scotland*.

---

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

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*It would be a very difficult Matter to say, Whether the Partiality of our Poet towards the English, or that of Buchanan, in the Account he gives us of this Part of History towards the Scots, be greater. The former brings but Fifteen Hundred Englishmen into the Field, against Two Thousand Scots; yet makes his Countrymen stand their Ground with Fifty three, whilst their Enemies fly with Fifty five. The other asserts, That in the Action which gave birth to this Song, the English Army was far superior in Number; yet were there slain of them, in that Battel, Eighteen Hundred and forty, about a Thousand wounded, and a Thousand and forty taken Prisoners. On the other hand, the same Historian says, There were a Hundred*





*dred Scots slain, and Two Hundred taken Prisoners; occasion'd by a few, in Pursuit, following a greater Number of their Enemies. Our Poet thought it would be an Affront to his Countrymen, to suppose that the Scots would so much as think of coming to attack the English in their own Kingdom, as in effect they did; and therefore he makes Earl Percy enter Scotland, and hunt in the Liberties of Earl Douglas. The Fact of it is this: When King Robert the Second reign'd in Scotland, and K. Richard the Second in England, the Scots taking Advantage of our intestine Troubles, resolved to make an Incurſion into the Northern Borders of this Kingdom, to carry off what Booty they could. To this End, they raised an Army, divided it into different Bodies, and gave the Command of a very considerable one to James Earl Douglas; who immediately enter'd Northumberland, and directly made up towards Newcastle. Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, a popular, rich, and powerful Man, not only in that, but in the Neighbouring Counties, raised as many Men as the little Time he had would permit, and march'd against Douglas. Several Skirmishes were fought near Newcastle, which at length ended in a Duel between the Two Generals; and in which, Buchanan tells us, Percy*  
*was*

was unhors'd, and had his Spear taken from him. Be that as it may; Douglas did not long enjoy his Victory: For retiring the next Morning, Piercy pursued, and overtook him; and the Battel was fought which gave Rise to this Song, and in which Earl Douglas was slain, and Earl Piercy taken Prisoner. The Battel of Homeldon, or as our Poet calls it, of Humbledown, was not fought till under the next Reign, when K. Henry the Fourth and K. Robert the Third sway'd the Sceptres of the Two Kingdoms. The Ballad it self was written when the Dissentions of the Barons (who behaved like so many absolute Princes) made our Nation the perpetual Seat of Civil War: And the Design of the Poet was, to shew the Miseries which attend such unhappy Divisions: And this may very well excuse him for departing, as much as he has done, from History; and making that which was a National Difference, a private Quarrel. I shall not here point out the particular Beauties of this Song, with which even Mr. Addison was so charm'd, that in a very accurate Criticism upon it, (in several of his Spectators) he proves, That every Line is written with a true Spirit of Poetry. Nor is it esteem'd barely because this Great Man has recommended it; for, in all Ages, it has justly been admir'd: And in Sir Philip Sid-

Sidney's *Discourse of Poetry*, we find the following *Expression*. "I never heard the  
 " *Old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that*  
 " *I found not my Heart more moved than*  
 " *with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by*  
 " *some blind Crowder, with no rougher Voice*  
 " *than rude Stile: Which being so evil ap-*  
 " *parell'd in the Dust and Cobweb of that*  
 " *uncivil Age; what would it work, trimm'd*  
 " *in the gorgeous Eloquence of Pindar?*

GOD prosper long our Noble King,  
 Our Lives and Safeties all;  
 A woful Hunting once there did  
 In *Chevy-Chace* befall:

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,  
 Earl *Piercy* took his way;  
 The Child may rue that is unborn,  
 The Hunting of that Day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*  
 A Vow to God did make,  
 His Pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods  
 Three Summer's Days to take;

The chieftest Harts in *Chevy Chace*  
 To kill and bear away.  
 The Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,  
 In *Scotland* where he lay:

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,  
 He would prevent his Sport.  
 The *English* Earl not fearing this,  
 Did to the Woods resort;

With



With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,  
 All chosen Men of Might,  
 Who knew full well, in Time of Need,  
 To aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Greyhounds swiftly ran,  
 To chafe the Fallow-Deer :  
 On *Monday* they began to hunt,  
 When Day-light did appear ;

And long before High-Noon they had  
 An Hundred fat Bucks slain ;  
 Then having din'd, the Drovers went  
 To rouse them up again.

The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,  
 Well able to endure ;  
 Their Backsides all, with special Care,  
 That Day were guarded sure.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods,  
 The nimble Deer to take,  
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales  
 An Eccho shrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,  
 To view the tender Deer ;  
 Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised  
 This Day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,  
 No longer would I stay.  
 With that, a brave young Gentleman  
 Thus to the Earl did say ;

Lo yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,  
 His Men in Armour bright ;  
 Full Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,  
 All marching in our Sight ;

All

All Men of pleasant *Tividale*,  
 Fast by the River *Tweed*.  
 Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,  
 And take your Bows with Speed :

And now with me, my Countrymen,  
 Your Courage forth advance ;  
 For never was there Champion yet,  
 In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on Horseback come,  
 But, since my Hap it were,  
 I durst encounter Man for Man,  
 With him to break a Spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,  
 Most like a Baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the Company,  
 Whose Armour shone like Gold :

Shew me (he said) whose Men you be,  
 That hunt so boldly here ;  
 That, without my Consent, do chase  
 And kill my Fallow Deer ?

The Man that first did Answer make,  
 Was Noble *Piercy* he ;  
 Who said, We list not to declare,  
 Nor shew whose Men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,  
 Thy chiefest Harts to slay.  
 Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,  
 And thus in Rage did say ;

E're thus I will out-braved be,  
 One of us two shall dye :  
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;  
 Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But

But trust me, *Piercy*, Pity it were,  
 And great Offence to kill  
 Any of these our harmless Men,  
 For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,  
 And set our Men aside ?  
 Accurs'd be he, Lord *Piercy* said,  
 By whom this is deny'd.

Then slept a gallant 'Squire forth,  
*Witherington* was his Name,  
 Who said, I would not have it told  
 To *Henry* our King for Shame,

That e're my Captain fought on Foot,  
 And I stood looking on.  
 You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,  
 And I a 'Squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,  
 While I have Pow'r to stand ;  
 While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,  
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bows,  
 Their Hearts were good and true ;  
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,  
 Full Threescore *Scots* they slew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,  
 Earl *Douglas* had the Bent ;  
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,  
 The Spears to Shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,  
 No Slackness there was found ;  
 And many a gallant Gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the Ground.

O Christ !

O Christ ! it was a Grief to see,  
And likewise for to hear,  
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,  
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these Two stout Earls did meet,  
Like Captains of great Might ;  
Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,  
And made a cruel Fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With Swords of temper'd Steel,  
Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said ;  
In Faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By *JAMES* our *Scottish* King :

Thy Ransom I will freely give,  
And thus report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous Knight,  
That ever I did see.

To *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,  
Thy Proffer I do scorn ;  
I will not yield to any *Scot*,  
That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen  
Out of an *English* Bow,  
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,  
A deep and deadly Blow :

Who never spoke more Words than these,  
Fight on, my merry Men all ;  
For why, my Life is at an End ;  
Lord *Piercy* sees my Fall.

Then

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took  
The dead Man by the Hand ;  
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life  
Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ ! my very Heart doth bleed,  
With Sorrow for thy Sake ;  
For sure, a more renowned Knight  
Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,  
Which saw Earl *Douglas* dye,  
Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge  
Upon the Earl *Piercy* :

Sir *Hugh Montgom'ry* was he call'd,  
Who, with a Spear most bright,  
Well-mounted on a gallant Steed,  
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight ;

And pass'd the *English* Archers all,  
Without all Dread or Fear ;  
And thro' Earl *Piercy's* Body then  
He thrust his hateful Spear :

With such a veh'ment Force and Might  
He did his Body gore,  
The Spear went thro' the other Side  
A large Cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these Nobles dye,  
Whose Courage none could stain.  
An *English* Archer then perceiv'd  
The Noble Earl was slain,

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,  
Made of a trusty Tree ;  
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long  
Up to the Head drew he :

Against

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,  
 So right his Shaft he fet,  
 The grey Goose-wing that was thereon,  
 In his Heart's Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from Break of Day,  
 Till Setting of the Sun ;  
 For when they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,  
 The Battel scarce was done.

With the Earl *Piercy*, there was slain  
 Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,  
 Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,  
 Sir *James* that bold Baron :

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,  
 Both Knights of good Account,  
 Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,  
 Whose Prowess did furmout.

For *With'rington* needs must I wail,  
 As one in doleful Dumps ;  
 For when his Legs were fmitten off,  
 He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas*, there was slain  
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery* ;  
 Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field  
 One Foot would never fly.

Sir *Charles Murrel*, of *Ratcliff*, too,  
 His Sister's Son was he ;  
 Sir *David Lamb*, so well esteem'd,  
 They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in like wise  
 Did with Earl *Douglas* dye :  
 Of Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,  
 Scarce Fifty five did fly.

Of

Of Fifteen Hundred *English* Men,  
Went home but Fifty three ;  
The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chace*,  
Under the green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,  
Their Husbands to bewail ;  
They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,  
They bore with them away ;  
They kifs'd them dead a Thousand times,  
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,  
Where *Scotland's* King did reign,  
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly  
Was with an Arrow slain :

O heavy News, King *James* did say ;  
*Scotland* can Witnefs be,  
I have not any Captain more  
Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,  
Within as short a Space,  
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*  
Was slain in *Chevy-Chace* :

Now God be with him, said our King,  
Sith 'twill no better be ;  
I trust I have, within my Realm,  
Five Hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say,  
But I will Vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all,  
For brave Earl *Piercy's* Sake.

This

This Vow full well the King perform'd  
 After, on *Humbledown* ;  
 In one Day, Fifty Knights were slain,  
 With Lords of great Renown :

And of the rest, of small Account,  
 Did many Thoufands dye :  
 Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chace*,  
 Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and blefs the Land  
 In Plenty, Joy, and Peace ;  
 And grant henceforth, that foul Debate  
 'Twixt Noblemen may cease.







XV. The Banishment of the Dukes of  
*Hereford* and *Norfolk*, in the Time  
of King *Richard* the Second.

*An Introduction to this Ballad is almost unnecessary; for our Poet has either copied so closely from History, or the Historians have borrow'd from our Poet in such a Manner, that I scarce find one Point in which they differ. Some indeed there are, who will have it, that the Duke of Hereford accused the Duke of Norfolk; but this is sufficiently contradicted by others. Nor is there any Probability of Truth in it; for neither he nor his Father had Veneration enough for King Richard, to do any such Thing; nor Affection, I believe, to forewarn him, if any Danger had threaten'd. This Duke of Hereford was Henry Bolingbroke, Son to John Duke of Lancaster, the King's Uncle; who married the sole Heiress of Hereford, and enjoy'd that Title and Estate in Right of his Wife. What follows, of the Challenge; of its being to be fought at Coventry; of a Stop being put to the Combat,*

bat, when they had enter'd the Lists; of their Banishment, and of Norfolk's Death; is strictly true. Richard, during the Banishment of his Cousin, thought fit to reduce his Exile from Teno Six Years: But the Duke of Lancaster dying in that Time; and the King fearing, that if such a vast additional Estate should fall to his much injur'd Cousin, he might grow too formidable; pronounc'd his Banishment perpetual, and seiz'd his whole Inheritance. But King Richard going afterwards on an Expedition into Ireland; the Duke of Lancaster, who had assum'd his Father's Titles, took that Opportunity of coming to England; being invited by a great Number of the Nobility, and excited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Fellow Exile. He landed in Yorkshire, with about Twenty armed Men; giving out, That he had no other Design, but to take Possession of his Inheritance. He was soon join'd by great Numbers: And the King's Friends endeavouring to raise Forces, in order to oppose him; the People refused going out against him, thinking his Demands most just and reasonable. The Winds blowing directly contrary; Six whole Weeks pass'd, before K. Richard could have any Notice of Lancaster's Landing in England; by which Time, he was Master of a great Part of the Kingdom. Nor did the

G

King,

*King, after the News was brought to him, make that Haste back he might, and ought to have done; insomuch, that when he return'd, he had no Army: And tho' some faithful Friends offer'd to join him, with their Vassals; yet he absolutely refus'd it, finding it was too late. For he had made the Clergy his Enemies; and they took care to stir up the People against him; and, prone to Change, insinuated the Happiness they might expect under the Duke of Lancaster. A Parliament being call'd, Articles were exhibited against King Richard; who was depos'd in the most solemn Manner, and the Duke of Lancaster crown'd King, by the Name of Henry the Fourth. The Coronation-Sermon was preach'd by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who came over with him to England: And Richard seeing this, formally resign'd his Crown, on the 30th Day of September, in the Year 1399, and in the Twenty third of his Reign; being at that Time about Thirty three Years of Age.*

**T**WO Noble Dukes of great Renown,  
That long had liv'd in Fame,  
Thro' hateful Envy were cast down,  
And brought to sudden Shame.

The

The Duke of *Hereford* was one,  
A prudent Prince, and wife ;  
'Gainst whom such Malice oft was shewn,  
Which soon in Sight did rise.

The Duke of *Norfolk*, most untrue,  
Declar'd unto the King,  
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew  
In Hatred of each Thing,

Which by his Grace was acted still  
Against both High and Low ;  
And how he had a trait'rous Will,  
His State to overthrow.

The Duke of *Hereford* then, in Haste,  
Was sent for to the King ;  
And, by the Lords in Order plac'd,  
Examin'd of each Thing :

Who being guiltless of this Crime,  
Which was against him laid ;  
The Duke of *Norfolk*, at that Time,  
These Words unto him said :

How can'st thou, with a shameless Face,  
Deny a Truth so stout ;  
And here, before his Royal Grace,  
So falsely face it out ?

Did not these wicked Treasons pass,  
When we together were ;  
How that the King unworthy was  
The Royal Crown to bear ?

Wherefore, my gracious Lord, quoth he,  
And you his Noble Peers,  
To whom I wish long Life to be,  
With many happy Years :

I do pronounce before you all,  
 This treach'rous Lord that's here,  
 A Traytor to our Noble King ;  
 As Time shall shew it clear.

The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that,  
 In Mind was grieved much ;  
 And did return this Answer flat,  
 Which did Duke *Norfolk* touch :

The Term of Traytor, truthless Duke,  
 In Scorn and great Disdain,  
 With flat Defiance to thy Face,  
 I do return again :

And therefore, if it please your Grace  
 To grant me Leave (quoth he)  
 To combat with my deadly Foe,  
 That here accuseth me ;

I do not doubt but plainly prove,  
 That, like a perjurd Knight,  
 He hath most falsly fought my Shame,  
 Against all Truth and Right.

The King did grant this just Request,  
 And did therewith agree,  
 At *Coventry*, in *August* next,  
 This Combat fought should be.

The Dukes on fundry Steeds full stout,  
 In Coats of Steel most bright,  
 With Spears in Rests, did enter Lists,  
 This Combat fierce to fight.

The

The King then cast his Wardens down,  
 Commanding them to stay ;  
 And with his Lords he Counsel took,  
 To stint that mortal Fray.

At length unto these Noble Dukes  
 The King of Heralds came,  
 And unto them, with lofty Speech,  
 This Sentence did proclaim :

Sir *Henry Bolingbroke*, this Day,  
 The Duke of *Hereford*, here,  
 And *Thomas Mowbray*, *Norfolk* Duke,  
 Valiantly did appear ;

And having, in honourable Sort,  
 Repaired to this Place ;  
 Our Noble King, for special Cause,  
 Hath alter'd thus the Case :

First, *Henry* Duke of *Hereford*,  
 E're Fifteen Days be past,  
 Shall part the Realm on Pain of Death,  
 While Ten Years Space doth last.

And *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*, now,  
 That hath begun this Strife,  
 And thereof no good Proof can bring ;  
 I say, for Term of Life,

By Judgment of our Sovereign Lord,  
 Which now in Place doth stand,  
 For evermore I banish thee  
 Out of thy Native Land.

Charging thee, on Pain of Death,  
When Fifteen Days are past,  
Thou never tread on *English* Ground,  
So long as Life doth last.

Thus they were sworn before the King,  
E're they did farther pass,  
The one should never come in Place  
Where as the other was.

Then both the Dukes, with heavy Hearts,  
Were parted presently,  
Their uncouth Streams of froward Chance  
In Foreign Lands to try.

The Duke of *Norfolk* coming then  
Where he could Shipping take,  
The bitter Tears fell down his Cheeks,  
And thus his Moan did make :

Now let me sigh and sob my Fill,  
E're I from hence depart,  
That inward Pangs with Speed may burst  
My sore afflicted Heart.

Oh cursed Man! whose loathed Life  
Is held so much in Scorn ;  
Whose Company is clean despis'd,  
And left as one forlorn !

Now take thy Leave, and last Adieu,  
Of this thy Country dear ;  
Which never more thou must behold,  
Nor yet approach it near.

Now

Now happy should I count my self,  
 If Death my Heart had torn ;  
 That I might have my Bones entomb'd,  
 Where I was bred and born :

Or that by *Neptune's* wrathful Rage,  
 I might be forc'd to dye ;  
 Whilst that sweet *England's* pleasant Banks  
 Did stand before mine Eye :

How sweet a Scent hath *English* Ground  
 Within my Senfes now ?  
 How fair unto my outward Sight  
 Seems ev'ry Branch and Bough ?

The Fields and Flow'rs, the Streets and Stones,  
 Seem such unto my Mind,  
 That in all other Countries, sure,  
 The like I ne're shall find.

O that the Sun, with shining Face,  
 Would stay his Steeds by Strength ;  
 That this same Day might stretched be  
 To Twenty Years in Length !

And that the true-performing Tide  
 Her hasty Course would stay ;  
 That *Aeolus* would never yield  
 To bear me hence away.

That by the Fountain of my Eyes  
 The Fields might water'd be ;  
 That I might grave my grievous Plaint  
 Upon each springing Tree.



But Time, I see, with Eagle's Wings  
 So swift doth fly away ;  
 And dusky Clouds begin to dim  
 The Brightness of the Day :

The fatal Hour draweth on,  
 The Winds and Tides agree ;  
 And now, sweet *England*, over Sea,  
 I must depart from thee.

The Mariners have hoisted Sail,  
 And call to catch me in ;  
 And now, in woful Heart, I feel  
 My Torments to begin.

Wherefore, Farewel for evermore,  
 Sweet *England*, unto thee ;  
 And farewel, all my Friends, which I  
 Again shall never see.

O *England*, here I kifs the Ground  
 Upon my bended Knee !  
 Whereby to shew to all the World  
 How dearly I love thee.

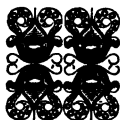
This being said, away he went  
 As Fortune did him guide ;  
 And at the length, thro' Grief of Heart,  
 In *Venice* there he dy'd.

The Noble Duke, in doleful Sort,  
 Did lead his Life in *France* ;  
 And, at the last, the mighty Lord  
 Did him full high advance.

The

The Lords of *England* afterwards  
 Did send for him again,  
 While that King *Richard* at the Wars  
 In *Ireland* did remain :

Who, by the vile and great Abuse  
 Which thro' his Deeds did spring,  
 Deposed was ; and then the Duke  
 Was truly crowned King.



XVI. Sir *Richard Whittington's* Advancement.

BEING

An Historical Account of his Education,  
unexpected Fortune, Charity, &c.

---

To the Tune of, *Dainty come thou to me.*

---

*There is something so fabulous, or, at least, that has such a Romantick Appearance in the History of Whittington, that I shall not chuse to relate it; but refer my credulous Readers to common Tradition, or to the Penny Histories. Certain it is, that there was such a Man; a Citizen of London, by Trade a Mercer; and one who has left Publick Edifices, and Charitable Works now behind him, to transmit his Name to Posterity. Amongst others, he founded a House of Prayer; with an Allowance for a Ma-*

*a Master, Fellows, Choristers, Clerks, &c. and an Alms-House for Thirteen poor Men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome Prison, which then was standing at the West Gate of the City, and call'd it Newgate. He built the better Half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West Smithfield; and the fine Library in Grey-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: As also great Part of the East End of Guildhall, with a Chapel, and a Library; in which the Records of the City might be kept. He was chosen Sheriff, in the Seventeenth Year of the Reign of King Richard the Second, and of the Christian Æra 1393; William Stondon, by Trade a Grocer, being then Mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the One and Twentieth Year of the same Reign, he was chosen Mayor. Which Honour was again conferr'd on him in the Eighth Year of King Henry the Fourth, and the Seventh of King Henry the Fifth. 'Tis said of him, That he advanc'd a very considerable Sum of Money, towards carrying on the War in France, under this last Monarch. He marry'd Alice, the Daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose House, Traditions say, Whittington liv'd a Servant, when he got his immense Riches by venturing his Cat in one of his Master's Ships.*

*Ships. However, if we may give Credit to his own Will, he was a Knight's Son; and more obliged to an English King, and Prince, than to any African Monarch, for his Riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a Maintenance for so many People, as above related; they were, as Stow records it, (for this Maintenance) bound to pray for the good Estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his Wife, their Founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and Dame Joan his Wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and Dame Molde his Wife; the Fathers and Mothers of the said Richard Whittington, and Alice his Wife; For King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glocester, Special Lords and Promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c.*

Here must I tell the Praise  
Of worthy *Whittington*,  
Known to be in his Days  
Thrice Lord-Mayor of *London* :

But of poor Parentage  
Born was he as we hear,  
And in his tender Age  
Bred up in *Lancashire*.

Poorly

Poorly to *London* then  
 Came up this fimple Lad ;  
 Where, with a Merchant-Man,  
 Soon he a Dwelling had ;

And in a Kitchen plac'd,  
 A Scullion for to be ;  
 Where a long Time he pafs'd  
 In Labour drudgingly.

His daily Service was  
 Turning at the Fire ;  
 And to scour Pots of Brafs,  
 For a poor Scullion's Hire :

Meat and Drink all his Pay,  
 Of Coin he had no Store ;  
 Therefore to run away,  
 In fecret Thought he bore.

So, from the Merchant-Man,  
*Whittington* fecretly  
 Towards his Country ran,  
 To purchase Liberty.

But as he went along,  
 In a fair Summer's Morn,  
*London's* Bells sweetly rung  
*Whittington's* back Return ;

Evermore founding fo,  
 Turn again, *Whittington* ;  
 For thou, in Time, fhalt grow  
 Lord-Mayor of *London*.

Where-

Whereupon, back again  
*Whittington* came with Speed,  
 A Servant to remain,  
 As the Lord had decreed.

Still bleffed be the Bells,  
 This was his daily Song ;  
 This my good Fortune tells,  
 Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me,  
 I will not prove unkind ;  
*London* my Love shall fee,  
 And my large Bounties find.

But, fee his happy Chance !  
 This Scullion had a Cat,  
 Which did his State advance,  
 And by it Wealth he gat.

His Master ventur'd forth,  
 To a Land far unknown,  
 With Merchandise of Worth,  
 As is in Stories shown :

*Whittington* had no more  
 But this poor Cat as then,  
 Which to the Ship he bore.  
 Like a brave valiant Man :

Vent'ring the fame, quoth he,  
 I may get Store of Gold,  
 And Mayor of *London* be,  
 As the Bells have me told.

*Whit-*

*Whittington's* Merchandise,  
Carried to a Land  
Troubled with Rats and Mice,  
As they did understand ;

The King of the Country there,  
As he at Dinner sat,  
Daily remain'd in Fear  
Of many Moufe and Rat.

Mèat that on Trenchers lay,  
No way they could keep safe ;  
But by Rats bore away,  
Fearing no Wand or Staff :

Whereupon, foon they brought  
*Whittington's* nimble Cat ;  
Which by the King was bought,  
Heaps of Gold giv'n for that.

Home again came thefe Men,  
With their Ship laden fo,  
*Whittington's* Wealth began  
By this Cat thus to grow ;

Scullion's Life he forfook,  
To be a Merchant good,  
And foon began to look  
How well his Credit stood.

After that, he was chofe  
Sheriff of the City here,  
And then full quickly rofe  
Higher, as did appear :

For,



For, to the City's Praise,  
 Sir *Richard Whittington*  
 Came to be in his Days  
 Thrice Mayor of *London*.

More his Fame to advance,  
 Thousands he lent the King,  
 To maintain War in *France*,  
 Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a Feast  
 Which he the King did make,  
 He burnt the Bonds all in Jest,  
 And would no Money take.

Ten Thousand Pounds he gave  
 To his Prince willingly ;  
 And would no Penny have  
 For this kind Courtesy.

As God thus made him great,  
 So he would daily see  
 Poor People fed with Meat,  
 To shew his Charity :

Prisoners poor cherish'd were,  
 Widows sweet Comfort found ;  
 Good Deeds, both far and near,  
 Of him do still resound.

*Whittington's* College is  
 One of his Charities ;  
 Record reporteth this,  
 To lasting Memories.

*Newgate* he builded fair,  
 For Prisoners to lye in ;  
*Christ-Church* he did repair,  
 Christian Love for to win.

Many more fuch like Deeds  
 Were done by *Whittington* ;  
 Which Joy and Comfort breeds,  
 To fuch as look thereon.



XVII. *CUPID'S* REVENGE,

OR,

An Account of a King who slighted all  
Women, and at length was constrain'd  
to marry a Beggar, who prov'd a Fair  
and Virtuous Queen.

---

To the Tune of, *I often for my Jenny strove.*

---

*Upon the first reading of this Ballad, I took the Story for the Invention of some Poet, who would not give himself the Trouble of turning History over, to find out a proper Subject; and I had actually laid it aside amongst the fabulous Songs: But upon a Second Review, I found my self mistaken; at least, I have good Reason to believe my self so. And having since communicated my Thoughts to some good Judges, they assur'd me I was in the right; and that the Bal-  
lad*

*lad was writ upon the Marriage of King Henry the Sixth. That I may not advance any Opinion, without giving some Grounds for it; I shall let my Readers into the Reasons, which induc'd me to think it was written on him.*

*He despis'd the sweetest Beauty;  
And the greatest Fortune too:  
At length, he marry'd to a Beggar.*

*There is no one so very ignorant of History, as not to know that this Monarch was betrothed to the Count of Arminiac's Daughter; a fine Lady, with whom he was to have a considerable Portion, besides several Towns and Castles in Aquitain, which belong'd to King Henry's Ancestors. But the Duke of Suffolk, without Orders, negotiated a Marriage between his Master and the Daughter of Rayner, Duke of Anjou, a mighty Titular Prince; for he stil'd himself King of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Naples; but, with all his Titles, so very poor, that he could not give his Daughter a Dowry: And King Henry was obliged, in Favour of this Marriage, to renounce his best Dominions in France; which our Poet (I suppose)*  
*hints*

*hints at, in his throwing a Purse of Gold to the Beggar.*

Her Fame thro' all the Realms did ring,  
 Altho' She came of Parents poor:  
 She, by her Sovereign Lord the King,  
 Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

*'Tis very well known, that no Woman supported the Royal Character with more Courage and Dignity than Queen Margaret did. If any one would see her Character at large, I would refer 'em to Mr. Philips's Tragedy of Duke Humphry. This Queen had but one Child, Prince Henry; who was slain at Tewksbury, by Richard Duke of Gloucester, Brother to King Edward the Fourth: So that the last Stanza is not consistent with History. But we must remember, That a Poet who is writing on a Subject which he dares not own, must so disguise the Truth, as not to let his Song be entirely applicable to a Prince on the Throne, or to one who had still Potent Friends living: And for that Reason, our Poet begun with telling us, that he was writing of a Foreign Monarch; and concludes, with setting the Prince on the Throne.*

A King

**A** King once reign'd beyond the Seas,  
 As we in ancient Stories find,  
 Whom no fair Face could ever please ;  
 He cared not for Womankind :

He despis'd the sweetest Beauty,  
 And the greatest Fortune too :  
 At length he marry'd to a Beggar ;  
 See what *Cupid's* Dart can do !

The blinded Boy that shoots so trim,  
 Did to his Closet-Window steal ;  
 And drew a Dart, and shot at him,  
 And made him soon his Power feel.

He that never car'd for Women,  
 But did Females ever hate ;  
 At length was smitten, wounded, swooned  
 For a Beggar at his Gate.

For mark what happen'd on a Day,  
 As he look'd from his Window high,  
 He spy'd a Beggar all in Grey,  
 With Two more in her Company :

She

She his Fancy soon enflamed,  
 And his Heart was grieved fore ;  
 What ! must I have her, court her, crave her ?  
 I that never lov'd before.

This Noble Prince of High Renown,  
 Did to his Chamber strait repair,  
 And on his Couch he laid him down,  
 Oppress'd with Love-sick Grief and Care.

Ne're was a Monarch so surprized ;  
 Here I lye her Captive Slave !  
 But I'll to her, court her, wooe her ;  
 She must heal the Wound she gave.

Then to his Palace-Gate he goes :  
 The Beggars crave his Charity ;  
 A Purse of Gold to them he throws ;  
 With thankful Hearts away they hye.

But the King he call'd her to him,  
 Tho' she was but poor and mean ;  
 His Hand did hold her, while he told her,  
 She should be his stately Queen.

At

At this she blushed Scarlet red,  
 And on this mighty King did gaze !  
 Then strait again as pale as Lead :  
 Alas, she was in such Amaze !

Hand in Hand they walk'd together ;  
 And the King did kindly say,  
 That he'd respect her : Strait they deck'd her  
 In most sumptuous rich Array.

He did appoint the Wedding-Day ;  
 And likewise then commanded strait  
 The Noble Lords and Ladies gay  
 Upon his gracious Queen to wait.

She appear'd a splendid Beauty ;  
 All the Court did her adore ;  
 And in a Marriage with a Carriage,  
 As if she'd been a Queen before.

Her Fame thro' all the Realms did ring,  
 Altho' she came of Parents poor :  
 She, by her Sov'reign Lord the King,  
 Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

All



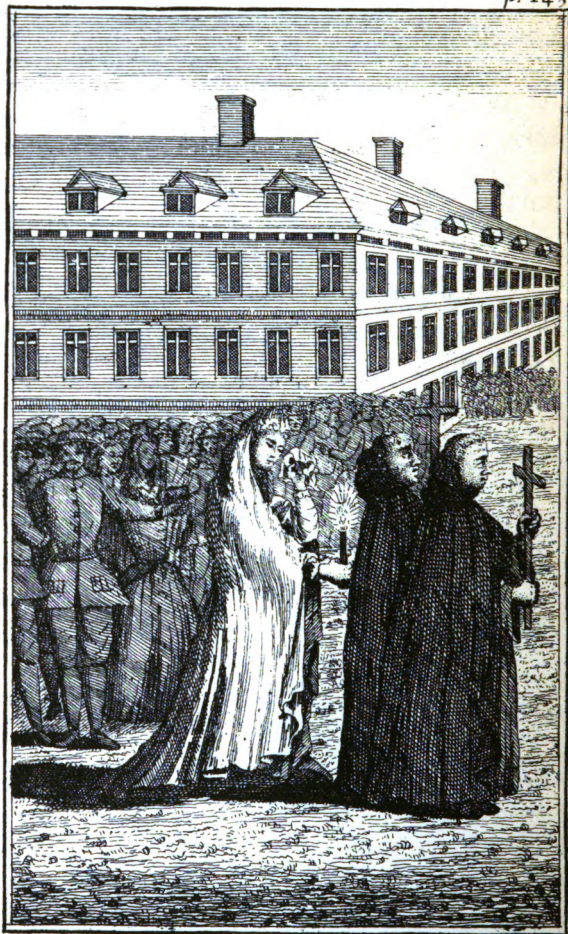
All the Nobles were well pleased,  
 And the Ladies frank and free ;  
 For her Behaviour always gave her  
 Title to her Dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid  
 Together in a filent Tomb ;  
 Their Royal Son their Sceptre fway'd,  
 Who govern'd in his Father's Room.

Long in Glory did he flourish,  
 Wealth and Honour to increafe ;  
 Still poffeffing fuch a Bleffing,  
 That he liv'd and reign'd in Peace.







To the Tune of *Live with me, &c.*

10

*She*

*she never employ'd her Power to do any one an Injury or ill Office, but made it her whole Study to do all the Good she could; that she comforted the Distress'd, reliev'd the Poor, cloath'd the Naked, and succour'd the Widow and Orphans. After the Death of Edward, she was kept by the Lord Hastings till his dying Day, after which her House was rifled by the Sheriffs of London, all she had seiz'd upon, and she forc'd to do Publick Penance in a White Sheet by the Bishop of London's Order, marching to her Parish Church in her Ghostly Dress, with a lighted Taper in her Hand. The Writers of that Age tell us, she suffer'd thus for not complying with Richard's Request in moving Hastings to forsake Edward's Children, and embrace his Cause: But there are others who differ very much in Opinion from these, and who will not allow Richard to have been that Tyrant he is generally represented. To prove this they urge that the Nation was overwhelm'd with Ignorance, and that scarce a Man in it was able to write, the Monks excepted, who therefore had it wholly in their Power to represent People just as they pleas'd; that neither Richard the Second nor the Third were great Friends to Churchmen, and that for this Reason their Accounts cannot be look'd upon as Authentick, being more grounded upon Malice and Resentment than upon direct Fact. They add, that some of the*

*the Monks taking Occasion to cry out against the Heinousness of Adultery, and exclaiming against Jane Shore, she was deliver'd over to the Spiritual Power, to be us'd just as they pleas'd, and that done, they laid her Usage to King Richard's Charge, as a fresh Instance of his Tyranny. I shall not pretend to determine any thing in a Case of this Nature, but having related what is urg'd by both Parties, I shall leave every Body to judge for themselves, and proceed to the Song itself. Mr. Rowe seems to have a great Regard to the Authority of this old Ballad, and has follow'd it more nearly than any History we have extant; even Mrs. Blague, (tho' I believe mention is made of her no where else) he has, with some Additions, improv'd into a principal Character, and shewn us all that is said of this Woman in the ungrateful Alicia. Whilst I am quoting Mr. Rowe, it may perhaps be expected that I should take Notice of his having made Jane Shore resist the Temptations of Hastings, and continue Virtuous after the Death of Edward, to the last; but the Judicious will allow that to be no Authority at all. A Poet has the liberty, in a Dramatick Piece to vary as much as he pleases from History, at least as much as his Play requires he should. Jane Shore's Misfortunes were all that Mr. Rowe had to raise compassion from; had he made her a common Strumpet, none of his Audience*

would have pity'd her ; but having made her Good and Virtuous, there is scarce any one can refuse to pay her a Tear : Her only apparent Fault there being her yielding to a Monarch's Love, a Temptation few could have resisted.

**I** F *Rosamond* that was so fair,  
Had Cause her Sorrows to declare ;  
Then let *Fane Shore* with Sorrow sing,  
That was beloved of a King.

*Then wanton Wives in time amend,  
For Love and Beauty will have end.*

In Maiden Years my Beauty bright  
Was loved dear by Lord and Knight,  
But yet the Love that they requir'd,  
It was not as my Friends desir'd.

*Then wanton Wives, &c.*

My Parents they for Thirst of Gain,  
A Husband for me did obtain ;  
And I their Pleasure to fulfill,  
Was forc'd to wed against my Will :

To *Matthew Shore* I was a Wife :  
'Till Lust brought Ruin to my Life :  
And then my Life I lewdly spent,  
Which makes my Soul for to lament.

In *Lombardstreet* I once did dwell,  
As *London* yet can witness well,  
Where many Gallants did behold  
My Beauty in a Shop of Gold.

I spread my Plumes as Wantons do,  
Some sweet and secret Friend to woove,  
Because my Love I did not find  
Agreeing to my wanton Mind.

At

At last my Name in Court did ring  
 Into the Ears of *England's* King,  
 Who came and lik'd, and Love requir'd,  
 But I made coy what he desir'd :

Yet Mistrefs *Blague*, a Neighbour near,  
 Whose Friendship I esteemed dear,  
 Did say, *It is a gallant thing*  
*To be beloved of a King.*

By her Perswasions I was led,  
 For to defile my Marriage-Bed,  
 And wrong my wedded Husband *Shore*,  
 Whom I had lov'd ten Years before.

In Heart and Mind I did rejoyce,  
 That I had made so sweet a Choice ;  
 And therefore did my State resign,  
 To be King *Edward's* Concubine.

From City then to Court I went,  
 To reap the Pleasures of Content ;  
 And had the Joys that Love could bring,  
 And knew the Secrets of a King.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,  
 Commanding *Edward* with mine Eye,  
 For Mistrefs *Blague* I in short space,  
 Obtain'd a Living from his Grace.

No Friend I had but in short time  
 I made unto Promotion climb ;  
 But yet for all this costly Pride,  
 My Husband could not me abide.

His Bed, tho' wronged by a King,  
 His Heart with deadly Grief did sting :  
 From *England* then he goes away,  
 To end his Life upon the Sea.

H 3

He



He could not live to see his Name  
Impaired by my wanton Shame ;  
Altho' a Prince of Peerless Might  
Did reap the Pleasure of his Right.

Long time I lived in the Court,  
With Lords and Ladies of great fort ;  
And when I smil'd all Men were glad,  
But when I mourn'd my Prince grew sad.

But yet an honest Mind I bore  
To helpless People, that were poor ;  
I still redress'd the Orphan's Cry,  
And sav'd their Lives condemn'd to dye.

I still had ruth on Widow's Tears,  
I succour'd Babes of tender Years ;  
And never look'd for other Gain,  
But Love and Thanks for all my Pain.

At last my Royal King did dye,  
And then my Days of Woe grew nigh ;  
When *Crook-back'd Richard* got the Crown,  
King *Edward's* Friends were soon put down.

I then was punish'd for my Sin,  
That I so long had lived in ;  
Yea, every one that was his Friend,  
This Tyrant brought to shameful End.

Then for my rude and wanton Life,  
That made a Strumpet of a Wife,  
I Penance did in *Lombardstreet*,  
In shameful manner in a Sheet.

Where many Thoufands did me view,  
Who late in Court my Credit knew ;  
Which made the Tears run down my Face  
To think upon my foul Disgrace.

Not

Not thus content, they took from me  
My Goods, my Livings, and my Fee,  
And charg'd that none should me relieve,  
Nor any Succour to me give.

Then unto Mistress *Blague* I went,  
To whom my Jewels I had sent,  
In hope thereby to ease my Want,  
When Riches fail'd, and Love grew scant.

But she deny'd to me the same,  
When in my Need for them I came ;  
To recompence my former Love,  
Out of her Doors she did me shove.

So Love did vanish with my State,  
Which now my Soul repents too late ;  
Therefore Example take by me,  
For Friendship parts in Poverty.

But yet one Friend among the rest,  
Whom I before had seen distress'd,  
And sav'd his Life, condemn'd to dye,  
Did give me Food to succour me.

For which, by Law, it was decreed,  
That he was hanged for that Deed ;  
His Death did grieve me so much more,  
Than had I dy'd my self therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,  
Durst not restore me any Food ;  
Whereby in vain I begg'd all Day,  
And still in Streets by Night I lay.

My Gowns beset with Pearl and Gold,  
Were turn'd to simple Garments old ;  
My Chains and Jems and golden Rings,  
To filthy Rags and loathsome Things.

Thus was I scorn'd of Maid and Wife,  
For leading such a wicked Life ;  
Both sucking Babes, and Children small  
Did make a Pastime at my Fall.

I could not get one Bit of Bread,  
Whereby my Hunger might be fed,  
Nor Drink, but such as Channels yield,  
Or stinking Ditches in the Field.

Thus, weary of my Life, at length  
I yielded up my vital Strength,  
Within a Ditch of loathsome Scent,  
Where Carrion Dogs do much frequent ;


The which, now since my dying Day,  
Is *Shoreditch* call'd, as Writers say,  
Which is a Witness of my Sin,  
For being Concubine to a King.

You wanton Wives that fall to Lust,  
Be you assur'd that God is just ;  
Whoredom shall not escape his Hand,  
Nor Pride unpunish'd in this Land.

If God to me such Shame did bring,  
That yielded only to a King,  
How shall they 'scape that daily run  
To practise Sin with every Man ?

You Husbands match not but for Love,  
Left some disliking after prove ;  
Women be warn'd when you are Wives,  
What Plagues are due to sinful Lives :  
*Then Maids and Wives in time amend,  
For Love and Beauty will have end.*

King



## King *Edward* and *Jane Shore*.

---

In Imitation, and to the Tune of, *St. George*  
and the *Dragon*.

---

*I have already said all that I have to say of this unhappy Lady. The following Song is a Burlesque upon her, but rather seems written by a Wag than an Enemy to her Memory. There are some little Expressions in it which had almost induced me to lay the Song aside; but I consider'd that it was really old, and therefore ought to be preserv'd, and that I might have Readers of several Humours, so that this Ballad might hit the Taste of those who probably would not relish one more grave and solid. This little Introduction I have thrown in for the Service of the Ladies, that they may not unwarily go to read or sing this Song, unless by themselves.*

WHY should we boast of *Laius* and his Knights,  
Knowing such Champions entrapt by Who-  
(rish Lights ?

Or why should we speak of *Thais's* curled Locks,  
Or *Rhodope* that gave so many Men the P—x ?  
Read in old Stories, and there you will find,  
How *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, the pleas'd King *Ed-*  
(ward's Mind.

H 5

Jane

Jane Shore *she was for* England, Queen Fredrick  
(*was for* France ;  
*Sing* Honi foit qui mal y penfe.

Of the old *Amazons* it were too long to tell,  
And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls, how far they did  
(excel,  
Those with *Scythian* Lads engag'd in feveral Fights,  
And in the brave Venerean Wars did foil advent'rous  
(Knights ;  
*Meffalina* and *Julia* were Veffels wond'rous brittle ;  
But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore*, took down King *Edward's*  
(Mettle.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

*Thalleftris* of *Thermodon* ſhe was a doubty Wight,  
She conquer'd *Pallas* King i' th' Exercife of Night ;  
*Hercules* flew the Dragon, whole Teeth were all of  
(Brads,  
Yet he himſelf became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Laſs ;  
The *Theban* *Semele* lay with *Fove*, not dreading all  
(his Thunder ;  
But *Fane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he had  
(her under.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

*Hellen* of *Greece* ſhe came of *Spartan* Blood,  
*Agricola* and *Creffida* they were brave Whores and  
(good ;  
Queen *Clytemneſtra* boldly flew old *Arthur's* mighty  
(Son ;  
And fair *Heſione* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon* ;  
Those were the Ladies that cauſ'd the *Trojan* Sack,  
But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore*, ſhe ſpoil'd King *Edward's*  
(Back.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

For

For this the ancient Fathers did great *Venus* defy,  
 Because with her own Father *Jove* she feared not to lye,  
 Hence *Cupid* came, who afterwards reveng'd his lo-  
 (ving Mother,  
 And made kind *Bibilis* do the like with *Caunus* her  
 (own Brother;  
 And afterwards the Goddeſs kept *Adonis* for Reſerve,  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore*, ſhe ſtretch'd King *Ed-*  
*ward's* Nerve.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, &c.

The *Colchan* Dame *Medea* her Father did betray,  
 And taught her Lover *Faſon* the vigilant Bull to ſlay;  
 And after thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece,  
 She with her Lover fail'd away in *Argo's* Ship to  
 (Greece;  
 But finding *Faſon* falſe, ſhe burnt his Wife and Court,  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore*, ſhe ſhew'd King *Ed-*  
 (ward Sport.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, &c.

*Romix* of *Saxony*, the *Welch* State overthrew;  
*Igerne* of *Cornwall*, *Pendragon* did ſubdue;  
 Queen *Vanora* with *Arthur* fought ſingly hand to hand  
 In Bed, tho' afterwards ſhe made Horns on his Head  
 (to ſtand,  
 And to Sir *Modredus*, *Pittish* Prince, a Paramour be-  
 (came;  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore*, ſhe made King *Edward*  
 (tame.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, &c.

*Mareſia* of *Italy*, ſee how ſhe ſtoutly copes  
 With Jeſuits, Priests, Cardinals, and tripple Crown-  
 (ed Popes;

And

And with King *Henry Rosamond* spent many a dally-  
 (ing Hour,  
 'Till lastly poyson'd by the Queen in *Woodstock* fatal  
 (Bower ;  
 And *Foan of Art* play'd in the Dark with the Knights  
 (of *Languedock*,  
 But *Fane Shore* met King *Edward*, and gave him  
 (Knock for Knock.

Jane Shore *she was for England, &c.*

*Pasiphae* we know play'd Feats with the *Cretan* Bull,  
 And *Proserpine*, tho' so Divine, became black *Pluto's*  
 (Trull ;  
 The *Spanish* Bawd her Strumpets taught to lay their  
 (Legs astride ;  
 But these, and all the Courtezans, ' *Fane Shore* did  
 (them deride ;  
 Pope *Foan* was right, altho' she did the Papal Scep-  
 (ter wield,  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore*, she made King *Edward*  
 (yield.

Jane Shore *she was for England, &c.*

*Agathoclea* and *Eanthe* did govern *Egypt's* King ;  
 The witty wench of *Andover* she was a pretty thing ;  
 She freely took her Lady's Place, and with Great  
 (*Edgar* dally'd,  
 And with main Force she foil'd him quite, altho' he  
 (often rally'd ;  
 For which brave Act, he that her rackt, gave her his  
 Lady's Land,  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore, King Edward* did command.

Jane Shore *she was for England, &c.*

Of *Phryne* and of *Lais* Historians have related,  
 How their illustrious Beauties two Generals captivated,  
 And

And they that in the Days of Yore kill'd Men, and  
 (sackt their Cities,  
 In Honour of their Mistresses, compos'd amorous  
 (Ditties;  
 Let *Flora* gay, with *Romans* play, and be a Goddess  
 (call'd;  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore, King Edward* she enthrall'd.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

The jolly Tanner's Daughter, Harlot of *Normandy*,  
 She only had the Happiness to please Duke *Robert's*  
 (Eye;  
 And *Roxalina*, tho' a Slave, and born a *Grecian*,  
 Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Signior  
 (*Soliman*;  
 And *Naples Joan* would make them groan, that ar-  
 (dently did love 'r;  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore, King Edward* he did  
 (shove 'r.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

*Aspatia* doth of the *Persian* Brothers boast,  
 Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Lapthean* Boy, *Fane Shore*  
 (shall rule the roast;  
*Cleopatra* lov'd *Mark Anthony*, and *Brownal* she did  
 (Feats;  
 But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but merely  
 (Cheats:  
 Brave *Carpit-Knights* in *Cupid's* Fights, their milk  
 (white Rapiers drew;  
 But *Fane Shore, Fane Shore, King Edward* did subdue.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

*Hamlet's* incestuous Mother, was *Gatherhard, Den-*  
 (mark's Queen;  
 And *Circe*, that enchanting Witch, the like was  
 (scarcely seen;  
 Warlike



Warlike *Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian* Whore  
 To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which did her a-  
 (dore ;  
 But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd nine  
 (Victories  
 Was like a Bond-slave fetter'd within *Jane Shore's*  
 (All-conquering Thighs.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c, *Queen* Fredrick  
 (*was for* France ;  
*Sing*, Honi foit qui mal y pense.



**A True**



A True Relation of the Death of  
Sir *Andrew Barton*, a Pyrate and  
Rover on the Sea.

---

To the Tune of, *Come follow my Love.*

---

*If we read the Accounts given us of this Sir Andrew Barton, by the English and Scotch Historians, we shall scarce be able to persuade our selves that they are talking of the same Man. The former represent him as a common Rover, who was justly punish'd for his Pyracy, the latter as one who by Permission of his King was out at Sea to make Reprisals on the Portuguese, who had injur'd him. Should I pretend to give any Account of him, and lean to the side of either Historian, I should probably be thought guilty of Prejudice and Partiality, and for this Reason I shall give a faithful Abstract of what they both say.*

*In the third Year of Henry VIII's Reign, say the English, one Andrew Barton, a Scotch Pyrate, infested the Seas, and robb'd the English, as he did all other Nations but his own, upon which Sir Edward Howard, King Henry's Admiral, was sent out against him, who in Battle wounded him, of which he dy'd,*  
and

*and taking two of his Ships, brought the Crew Prisoners to London; but King Henry, out of his great Clemency, tho' they deserved Death, pardon'd them all, and sent them Home again, notwithstanding which, the Scottish King, James IV. sent to demand Restitution; but King Henry answer'd, That, far from expecting such a Message, he thought the Herald was come to return him Thanks for sparing the Lives of so many Scotchmen, who had deserv'd Death.*

*On the other hand, Buchanan says, That he was a Merchant, whose Father had been murder'd, and his Ships rifled by the Portuguese; that the Murder being committed in Flanders, Andrew sued them there and got his Cause, but the Portuguese refusing to pay what they were fined, and their King not compelling 'em, tho' a Herald had been sent from King James to demand Satisfaction, Barton obtain'd leave to arm against 'em, and put out to Sea; that the Portuguese, who then were in strict Alliance with the English, perswaded King Henry to destroy Barton, who in time might perhaps fall on his Merchants also, and that Thomas Howard, the English Admiral, was sent out with two strong Ships against him, who took an Opportunity of falling upon Barton when he was on Board a very little Ship, and was follow'd by a less, and yet had much ado to overcome him; adding, that Barton was a Man of such Courage, that when his Case was desperate, tho'*

*tho' he had several Wounds, and one of his Legs was broken by a Cannon Bullet, yet he took a Drum and beat an Alarm, or Charge, to his Men' to encourage them to fight valiantly, and this he did till his Breath and Life fail'd him together. The Prisoners who were taken in the Engagement, he says, were brought to London, and being instructed by the English, they humbly begg'd their Lives of the King, and he in a proud Ostentation of his great Clemency, dismiss'd and sent the poor innocent Souls away. Ambassadors, he adds, were sent to complain of this Violence, but King Henry justify'd what he had done, by asserting, that they were Pyrates.*

*I cannot forbear observing one Thing, which is, That Buchanan himself acknowledges, that our Admiral took these Ships in the Downs; and supposing all that he has said to be true, and that Barton fell only on the Portuguese, he could have no Business on the English Coast, unless to take 'em as they enter'd our Ports, by which he spoiled our Commerce with Portugal, and might therefore be as justly look'd upon by our Merchants as a Pyrate, as if he had actually taken their Ships. However, this very Action bred such Heart burnings and Jealousies between the two Kings, that it laid the Seeds of War between their Kingdoms, which shortly after broke out.*

WHEN *Flora* with her fragrant Flowers  
 Bedeck'd the Earth so trim and gay,  
 And *Iris* with her dainty Showers  
 Came to present the Month of *May*.  
 King *Henry* would a Hunting ride,  
 Over the River of *Thames* pass'd he,  
 Unto a Mountain Top also  
 Did walk some Pleasures for to see ;

Where forty Merchants he espy'd,  
 With fifty Sail come towards him,  
 Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
 But on their Knees did thus complain :  
*An't please your Grace, we cannot sail  
 To France a Voyage to be sure,  
 But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
 And robs us of our Merchant-Ware.*

Vext was the King, and turning him,  
 Said to the Lords of high Degree,  
*Have I ne'er a Lord within my Realm,  
 Dares fetch that Traytor unto me ?  
 To him reply'd Charles Lord Howard,  
 I will, my Liege, with Heart and Hand,  
 If't please you grant me leave, said he,  
 I will perform what you command.*

To him then spoke King *Henry*,  
*I fear, my Lord, You are too young.*  
 No whit at all, my Liege, quoth he,  
 I hope to prove in Valour strong :  
 The *Scotch* Knight now I vow to seek,  
 In what Place foe'er he be,  
 And bring Ashore with all his might,  
 Or into *Scotland* he shall carry me.

A hun-

A hundred Men, *the King then said*,  
 Out of my Realm shall chosen be ;  
 Besides Sailors and Ship-boys,  
 To guide a great Ship on the Sea ;  
 Bow-men and Gunners of good Skill,  
 Shall for this Service chosen be ;  
 And they at thy Command and Will,  
 In all Affairs shall wait on thee.

Lord *Howard* call'd a Gunner then,  
 Who was the best in all the Realm,  
 His Age was Threescore Years and ten,  
 And *Peter Simon* was his Name :  
 My Lord call'd then a Bow-man rare,  
 Whose active Hands had gained Fame  
 A Gentleman born in *Yorkshire*,  
 And *William Horfely* was his Name.

Horfely, *quoth he*, I must to Sea,  
 To seek a Traytor with good speed,  
 Of a Hundred Bow-men brave, *quoth he*,  
 I have chosen thee to be the Head.  
 If you, *my Lord*, have chosen me  
 Of a Hundred Men to be the Head,  
 Upon the Main-mast I'll hanged be,  
 If Twelvescore I miss one Shilling's breadth.

Lord *Howard* then of Courage bold,  
 Went to the Sea with pleasant Chear,  
 Not curb'd with Winter's piercing Cold,  
 Tho' 'twas the stormy Time of Year.  
 Not long he had been on the Sea,  
 More in Days than Number three,  
 But one *Harry Hunt* there he espy'd,  
 A Merchant of *Newcastle* was he ;

To him Lord *Howard* call'd out amain,  
 And strictly charged him to stand,  
 Demanding then from whence he came,  
 Or where he did intend to land.

The

The Merchant then made Answer foon,  
 With heavy Heart and careful Mind,  
*My Lord, My Ship it doth belong*  
*Unto Newcastle upon Tine.*

Canst thou shew me, *the Lord did say,*  
 As thou didst fail by Day and Night,  
 A *Scottish* Rover on the Sea,  
 His Name is *Andrew Barton*, Knight ?  
 At this the Merchant sigh'd and said,  
 With grieved Mind and Well-away,  
 But over-well I know that Wight,  
 I was his Prisoner Yesterday.

As I, *my Lord*, did fail from *France*,  
 A *Bordeaux* Voyage to take so far,  
 I met with Sir *Andrew Barton* thence,  
 Who robb'd me of my Merchant-ware  
 And mickle Debts God knows I owe,  
 And every Man doth crave his own,  
 And I am bound to *London* now,  
 Of our gracious King to beg a Boon.

Shew me him, *said Lord Howard then,*  
 Let me once the Villain see,  
 And e'ry Penny he hath from thee ta'n,  
 I'll double the same with Shillings three.  
 Now God forbid, *the Merchant said,*  
 I fear your Aim that you will miss ;  
 God blefs you from his Tyranny,  
 For little you think what Man he is.

He is Brafs within, and Steel without,  
 His Ship most huge and mighty strong,  
 With eighteen Pieces of Ordnance,  
 He carrieth on each side along :  
 With Beams for his Top-castle,  
 As being also huge and high,  
 That neither *English* nor *Portugal*  
 Can Sir *Andrew Barton* pass by.

**Hard**

Hard News thou show'st, *then said the Lord,*  
 To welcome Strangers to the Sea ;  
 But as I said, I'll bring him Aboard,  
 Or into *Scotland* he shall carry me.  
*The Merchant said,* If you will do so,  
 Take Counfel then I pray withal,  
 Let no Man to his Top-castle go,  
 Nor strive to let his Beams down fall :

Lend me seven Pieces of Ordnance then  
 On each side of my Ship, *said he,*  
 And by to Morrow, *my good Lord,*  
 Again I will your Honour see :  
 A Glaſs I fet, as may be ſeen,  
 Whether you fail by Day or Night,  
 And to Morrow be ſure before ſeven,  
 You ſhall ſee Sir *Andrew Barton*, Knight.

The Merchant ſet my Lord a Glaſs,  
 So well apparent in his Sight,  
 That on the Morrow, as his Promiſe was,  
 He ſaw Sir *Andrew Barton*, Knight.  
 The Lord then ſwore a mighty Oath,  
 Now by the Heavens that be of Might,  
 By Faith, believe me, and by Troth,  
 I think he is a worthy Knight.

Fetch me my Lyon out of Hand,  
*Saith he,* with Roſe and Streamer high,  
 Set up withal a Willow-wand,  
 That Merchant-like I may paſs by.  
 Thus bravely did Lord *Howard* paſs,  
 And on Anchor riſe ſo high ;  
 No Top-fail at laſt he caſt,  
 But as a Foe did him defy.

Sir *Andrew Barton* ſeeing him  
 Thus ſcornfully to paſs by,  
 As tho' he cared not a Pin  
 For him and his Company :

Then



Then call'd he for his Men amain,  
Fetch back yon Pedlar now, *quoth he*,  
And e'er this way he come again,  
I'll teach him well his Courtesy.

A Piece of Ordnance foon was shot,  
By this proud Pyrate fiercely then,  
Into Lord *Howard's* middle Deck,  
Which cruel Shot kill'd fourteen Men.  
He call'd then *Peter Simon*, he,  
Look how thy Word do stand in stead;  
For thou shalt be hanged on Main-mast,  
If thou misst Twelvescore one Penny breadth.

Then *Peter Simon* gave a Shot,  
Which did Sir *Andrew* mickle scare,  
In at his Deck it came so hot,  
Kill'd fifteen of his Men of War:  
Alas, *then said the Pyrate stout*,  
I am in Danger now I see;  
This is some Lord, I greatly fear,  
That is set on to conquer me.

Then *Henry Hunt* with Rigour hot,  
Came bravely on the other side,  
Who likewise shot in at his Deck,  
And kill'd fifty of his Men beside:  
Then, out, alas, *Sir Andrew cry'd*,  
What may a Man now think or say?  
Yon Merchant thief that pierceth me,  
He was my Prisoner Yesterday.

Then did he on *Gordion* call,  
Unto the Top-castle for to go,  
And bid his Beams he should let fall,  
For he greatly fear'd an Overthrow.  
The Lord call'd *Horfely* then in haste,  
Look that thy Word stand in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on Main-mast,  
If thou misst Twelvescore a Shilling's breadth.

Then

Then up the Mast Tree swerved he,  
 This stout and mighty *Gordion* ;  
 But *Horfely* he most happily,  
 Shot him under his Collar-Bone :  
 Then call'd he on his Nephew, and  
*Said*, Sister's Son's I have no mo,  
 Three hundred Pound I give to thee,  
 If thou wilt to the Top-castle go.

Then stoutly he began to climb  
 From off the Mast scorn'd to depart ;  
 But *Horfely* soon prevented him,  
 And deadly pierc'd him to the Heart.  
 His Men being slain, then up amain  
 Did this proud Pyrate climb with speed,  
 For Armour of Proof he had put on,  
 And did not dint of Arrows dread.

Come hither *Horfely*, *said the Lord*,  
 See thou thy Arrows aim aright ;  
 Great Means to thee I'll still afford,  
 And if thou speedst I'll make thee Knight.  
 Sir *Andrew* did climb up the Tree,  
 With right good Will and all his Main,  
 Then upon the Breast hit *Horfely* he,  
 'Till the Arrow did return again.

Then *Horfely* spy'd a Private Place,  
 With a perfect Eye in a secret Part,  
 His Arrow swiftly flew apace,  
 And smote Sir *Andrew* to the Heart.  
 Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,  
 A little I am hurt, yet not slain,  
 I'll but lye down and bleed awhile,  
 And come and fight with you again.

And do not, *said he*, fear *English* Rogues,  
 And of your Foes stand not in awe,  
 But stand fast by St. *Andrew's* Cross,  
 Until you hear my Whistle blow.

They

They never heard his Whistle blow,  
Which made them all most fore afraid.  
Then *Horfely* said, My Lord, Aboard  
For now Sir *Andrew Barton's* dead.

Thus boarded they this gallant Ship,  
With right good Will and all their main,  
Eighteen Score *Scots* alive in it,  
Besides as many more were slain.  
The Lord went where Sir *Andrew* lay,  
And quickly then cut off his Head ;  
I should forfake *England* many a Day,  
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.

Thus from the Wars Lord *Howard* came  
With mickle Joy and Triumphant,  
The Pyrate's Head he brought along  
For to present unto the King :  
Who briefly unto him did say,  
Before he well knew what was done,  
Where is the Knight and Pyrate gay,  
That I my self may give the Doom ?

You may thank God, *then said the Lord*,  
And four Men in the Ship, *quoth he*,  
That we are safely come Ashore,  
Sith you never had such an Enemy ;  
That is, *Henry Hunt* and *Peter Simon*,  
*William Horfely* and *Peter's* Son :  
Therefore Reward them for their Pains,  
For they did Service in their turn.

To the Merchant therefore the King he said,  
In lieu of what he hath from thee ta'n,  
I'll give to thee a Noble a Day,  
Sir *Andrew's* Whistle and his Chain  
To *Peter Simon* a Crown a Day,  
And half a Crown to *Peter's* Son ;  
And that was for a Shot so gay,  
Which bravely brought Sir *Andrew* down.

*Horfely*

*Horsely* I will make thee a Knight,  
 And in *Yorkshire* thou shalt dwell ;  
 Lord *Howard* shall Earl *Bury* hight,  
 For this Act deserveth well :  
 Ninety Pounds to our *English* Men,  
 Who in this Fight did stoutly stand ;  
 And Twelve Pence a Day to the *Scots*, till they  
 Come to my Brother King's High Land.





*Johnny Armstrong's last Good-night,  
shewing how John Armstrong with  
his Eightscore Men fought a bloody  
Battle with the Scotch King at E-  
denborough.*

---

To a Northern Tune.

---

*Never was Country in the World more in-  
fested with Robbers than the Kingdom of  
Scotland in former Days. Some few Ban-  
ditti we have had here in England, but com-  
par'd to their Number they are few indeed;  
but as a general History of them would at  
present be foreign to my Purpose, I shall confine  
myself to the Hero of the following Ballad,  
whose Habitation was at no great distance  
from the River Ewfe; there he had a strong  
Body of Men under his Command, and all his  
Neighbours, even the nearest English, stood  
in Awe of him, and paid him Tribute.  
When James V. reign'd in Scotland, and  
Henry VIII. in England, the former wil-  
ling to suppress all Robberies, levied a small  
Army, march'd out against the Banditti,  
and pitch'd his Tents hard by the River  
Ewfe. At this John Armstrong became  
sensible*





*sensible of his Danger, and would willingly have made his Peace. Some of the King's Officers finding him in this Disposition, secretly perswaded him to make his Submission, adding, that they durst assure him he would be kindly receiv'd. Armstrong follow'd their Counsel, and with Sixty Horsemen unarm'd, hasten'd to the King, but imprudently forgot to provide himself with Passes, and a safe Conduct. Those who had given him this Advice, sensible of his Error, lay in Ambush for, surpriz'd and took him, with his Sixty Men, and carryed'em all to the King, pretending that they had made them Prisoners. Nor was he accus'd of robbing only, but of having also form'd a Design of delivering up all that Part of the Country to the English, and being condemn'd, he, with Fifty four of his Companions, was hang'd, the other six were reserv'd as Hostages to deter their Fellows from being guilty of the like Crime. Our Poet, I suppose, thought that the Gallows was too low a Death for his Heroe, and therefore rather chose to let him dye bravely fighting. Instead of Three, he gives him a Retinue of Eightscore Men, and lays his Scene in Edenburg, and these, I think, are the only material Points in which he differs from History.*

**I**S there ever a Man in all Scotland,  
From the highest Estate to the lowest Degree,  
That can shew himself now before our King,  
Scotland is so full of Treachery?



Yes, there is a Man in *Westmorland*,  
 And *Fohnny Armstrong* they do him call,  
 He has no Lands nor Rents coming in,  
 Yet he keeps Eightscore Men within his Hall.

He has Horfes and Harnes for them all,  
 And goodly Steeds that be Milk-white,  
 With their goodly Belts about their Necks,  
 With Hats and Feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving Letter,  
 And with his own Hand so tenderly,  
 And hath sent it unto *Fohnny Armstrong*,  
 To come and speak with him speedily.

When *Fohn* he look'd this Letter upon,  
 He look'd as Blith as a Bird in a Tree,  
*I was never before a King in my Life,*  
*My Father, my Grandfather, nor none of us three.*

*But seeing we must go before the King,*  
*Lord, we will go most gallantly ;*  
*Ye shall every one have a Velvet Coat,*  
*Laid down with golden Laces three.*

*And every one shall have a scarlet Cloak,*  
*Laid down with silver Laces five,*  
*With your golden Belts about your Necks,*  
*With Hats and Feathers all alike.*

But when *Fohnny* went from *Giltknock-Hall*,  
 The Wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain,  
*Now fare thee well thou Giltknock-Hall,*  
*I fear I shall never see thee again.*

Now *Fohnny* he is to *Edenborough* gone,  
 With his Eightscore Men so gallantly,  
 And every one of them on a Milk-white Steed,  
 With their Bucklers and Swords hanging to their  
 (Knee.  
 But

But when *John* came the King before,  
 With his Eightscore Men so gallant to see,  
 The King he mov'd his Bonnet to him,  
 He thought he had been a King as well as he.

*O Pardon, pardon, my Sovereign Liege,  
 Pardon for my Eightscore Men and me ;  
 For my Name it is Johnny Armstrong,  
 And Subject of yours, my Liege, said he.*

Away with thee, thou false Traytor,  
 No Pardon will I grant to thee,  
 But to-Morrow Morning by Eight of the Clock,  
 I will hang up thy Eightscore Men and thee.

Then *Johnny* look'd over his left Shoulder,  
 And to his merry Men thus said he,  
*I have asked Grace of a graceless Face,  
 No Pardon there is for you and me.*

Then *John* pull'd out his good broad Sword,  
 That was made of the Mettle so free,  
 Had not the King moved his Foot as he did,  
*John* had taken his Head from his fair Body.

*Come follow me my merry Men all,  
 We will scorn one Foot for to fly,  
 It shall never be said we were hang'd like Dogs,  
 We will fight it out most manfully.*

Then they fought on like Champions bold,  
 For their Hearts were sturdy, stout and free,  
 'Till they had kill'd all the King's good Guard,  
 There were none left alive but one, two or three.

But then rose up all *Edenborough*,  
 They rose up by Thousands three,  
 A cowardly *Scot* came *John* behind,  
 And run him through the fair Body.

Said *Fohn*, *Fight on my merry Men all,*  
*I am a little wounded but am not slain,*  
*I will lay me down to bleed awhile,*  
*Then I'll rise and fight with you again.*

Then they fought on like mad Men all,  
 Till many a Man lay dead on the Plain,  
 For they were resolved before they would yield,  
 That every Man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,  
 'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,  
 But little *Mufgrave*, that was his Foot-Page,  
 With his bonny Griffel got away unta'n.

But when he came to *Giltknock-Hall*,  
 The Lady spy'd him presently,  
*What News, what News, thou little Foot-Page,*  
*What News from thy Master, and his Company.*

My News is bad, Lady, he said,  
 Which I do bring, as you may see,  
 My Master *Fohnny Armstrong* is slain,  
 And all his gallant Company.

*Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Griffel,*  
*Full oft thou hast been fed with Corn and Hay,*  
*But now thou shalt be fed with Bread and Wine,*  
*And thy Sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say.*

O then bespake his little Son,  
 As he sat on his Nurse's Knee;  
*If ever I live to be a Man,*  
*My Father's Death reveng'd shall be.*



A pleasant Ballad shewing how two valliant Knights, Sir *John Armstrong*, and Sir *Michael Musgrave*, fell in Love with the Beautiful Daughter of the Lady *Dacres* in the *North*; and of the great Strife that happen'd between them for her, and how they wrought the Death of One hundred Men.

*Another Poet willing to conceal the ignominious Death of Armstrong, has in this Song Knighted him, and made his Rival kill him, at least I am apt to believe 'tis the same Armstrong he is talking of, and for that Reason I have inserted it, thinking myself oblig'd to do him as much Justice as to our famous English Outlaw Robin Hood, and to leave the Story of his Marriage upon Record.*

**A**S it fell out one *Whitsonday*,  
 The Blith Time of the Year,  
 When every Tree was clad with green,  
 And pretty Birds sing clear:  
 The Lady *Dacres* took her way  
 Unto the Church that pleasant Day,  
 With her fair Daughter, fresh and gay,  
*A bright and bonny Lads.*

I 4

*Fa la*

*Fa la tre dang de do ;  
 Trang trole lo trang de do ;  
 With hey trang trole lo lye,  
 She was a bonny Lafs.*

Sir *Michael Musgrave* in like fort  
 To Church repaired then,  
 And so did Sir *John Armstrong* too,  
 With all his merry Men ;  
 Two greater Friends there could not be,  
 Nor braver Knights for Chivalry,  
 Both Batchelors of high Degree,  
*Fit for a bonny Lafs.*

They fat them down upon one Seat,  
 Like loving Brethren dear,  
 With Hearts and Minds devoutly bent  
 God's Service for to hear ;  
 But rising from their Prayers tho'  
 Their Eyes a ranging strait did go,  
 Which wrought their utter Overthrow,  
*All for one bonny Lafs.*

Quoth *Musgrave* unto *Armstrong* then,  
 Yon fits the sweetest Dame,  
 That ever for her fair Beauty,  
 Within this Country came.  
 Infooth, quoth *Armstrong* presently,  
 Your Judgment I must verify,  
 There never came unto my Eye,  
*A braver bonny Lafs.*

I swear, said *Musgrave*, by this Sword,  
 Which did my Knighthood win,  
 To steal away so sweet a Dame,  
 Could be no Ghostly Sin.  
 That Deed, quoth *Armstrong*, would be ill,  
 Except you had her right good Will,  
 That your Desire she would fulfil,  
*And be thy bonny Lafs.*

By

By this the Service quite was done,  
 And home the People past ;  
 They wish'd a Blister on his Tongue,  
 That made thereof such haste.  
 At the Church-Door the Knights did meet,  
 The Lady *Dacres* for to greet,  
 But most of all her Daughter sweet,  
*That beauteous bonny Lafs.*

Said *Armstrong* to the Lady fair,  
 We both have made a Vow,  
 At Dinner for to be your Guests,  
 If you will it allow.  
 With that bespoke the Lady free,  
 Sir Knights, right welcome shall you be.  
 The happier Men therefore are we,  
*For Love of this bonny Lafs.*

Thus were the Knights both prick'd in Love,  
 Both in one Moment thrall'd,  
 And both with one fair Lady gay,  
 Fair *Isabella* call'd.  
 With humble Thanks they went away,  
 Like wounded Harts chas'd all the Day.  
 One would not to the other say,  
*They lov'd this bonny Lafs.*

Fair *Isabel* on the other side  
 As far in Love was found,  
 So long brave *Armstrong* she had ey'd,  
 Till Love her Heart did wound :  
 Brave *Armstrong* is my Joy, quoth she ;  
 Would *Christ* he were alone with me,  
 To talk an Hour two or three  
*With his fair bonny Lafs.*

But as these Knights together rode,  
 And Homeward did repair,  
 Their Talk and eke their Countenance shew'd,  
 Their Hearts were clogg'd with Care.

Fair *Ifabel*, the one did say,  
Thou hast subdu'd my Heart this Day.  
But she's my Joy, did *Musgrave* say,  
*My bright and bonny Lafs.*

With that these Friends incontinent,  
Became most deadly Foes,  
For love of beauteous *Ifabel*,  
Great Strife betwixt them rose :  
Quoth *Armstrong*, She shall be my Wife,  
Although for her I lose my Life ;  
And thus began a deadly Strife,  
*And for one bonny Lafs.*

Thus two Years long this Grudge did grow,  
These gallant Knights between,  
While they a wooing both did go,  
Unto this beauteous Queen :  
And she who did their Furies prove,  
To neither would bewray her Love,  
The deadly Quarrel to remove,  
*About this bonny Lafs.*

But neither for her fair Intreats,  
Nor yet her sharp Dispute,  
Would they appease their raging Ire,  
Nor yet give o'er their Suit.  
The Gentlemen of the *North* Country,  
At last did make this good Decree,  
All for a perfect Unity,  
*About this bonny Lafs.*

The Love-sick Knights should both be set  
Within one Hall so wide,  
Each of them in a gallant fort,  
Even at a several Tide ;  
And 'twixt them both for certainty,  
Fair *Ifabel* should placed be,  
Of them to take her Choice full free,  
*Most like a bonny Lafs.*

And

And as she like an Angel bright,  
 Betwixt them mildly stood,  
 She turn'd unto each several Knight  
 With pale and changed Blood :  
 Now am I at liberty  
 To make and take my Choice, quoth she.  
 Yea, quoth the Knights, we do agree,  
*Then chuse thou bonny Lafs.*

O *Musgrave*, thou art all too hot  
 To be a Lady's Love,  
 Quoth she, and *Armstrong* seems a Sot,  
 Where Love binds him to prove ;  
 Of Courage great is *Musgrave* still,  
 And fith to chuse I have my will,  
 Sweet *Armstrong* shall my Joys fulfil,  
*And I his bonny Lafs.*

The Nobles and the Gentles both,  
 That were in present Place,  
 Rejoyced at this sweet Record ;  
 But *Musgrave* in Disgrace,  
 Out of the Hall did take his way,  
 And *Armstrong* marryed was next Day,  
 With *Ifabel* his Lady gay,  
*A bright and bonny Lafs.*

But *Musgrave* on the Wedding-Day,  
 Like to a *Scotchman* dight,  
 In secret fort allured out  
 The Bridegroom for to fight ;  
 And he that will not out-brav'd be,  
 Unto his Challenge did agree,  
 Where he was slain most suddenly  
*For his fair bonny Lafs.*

The News whereof was quickly brought  
 Unto the lovely Bride :  
 And many of young *Armstrong's* Kin  
 Did after *Musgrave* ride ;

They



They hew'd him when they had him got,  
 As small as Flesh into the Pot,  
 Lo ! thus befel a heavy Lot,  
*About this bonny Lafs.*

The Lady young, which did lament  
 This cruel curfed Strife,  
 For very Grief dyed that Day,  
 A Maiden and a Wife :  
 An hundred Men, that haplefs Day,  
 Did lose their Lives in that same Fray ;  
 And 'twixt those Names, as many say,  
*Is deadly Strife still 'biding.*



An Ex-

An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of  
*England's* Courtship to the King  
of *France's* Daughter, and how  
the Prince was disasterously slain,  
and the aforefaid Princess was af-  
terwards marry'd to a Forrester.

---

To the Tune of, *Crimson Velvet.*

---

*The following Song is, I believe, written on a fictitious Subject, at least I have not been able to discover any Part of History to which it alludes ; however, I will not pretend to advance positively that it is fictitious, seeing that very few of these venerable ancient Song Editors were wholly indebted to Invention for their Poetical Productions ; most of those who do not relate a direct Fact having some Story at least in view, which through length of Time may have been forgotten.*

IN the Days of old,  
When fair *France* flourish,  
Stories plainly told,  
Lovers felt annoy :

The

The King a Daughter had,  
 Beauteous, fair and comely,  
 Which made her Father glad,  
 She was his only Joy ;  
 A Prince from *England* came,  
 Whose Deeds did meritt Fame,  
 He woo'd her long, and lo at last,  
 Look what he did require,  
 She granted his Desire,  
 Their Hearts in one were linked fast.  
 Which when her Father proved,  
 Lord how he was moved,  
 And tormented in his Mind ;  
 He fought for to prevent them,  
 And to discontent them,  
 Fortune crossed Lovers kind.

When these Princes twain  
 Were thus barr'd of Pleasures,  
 Through the King's Disdain,  
 Which their Joys withstood :  
 The Lady lock'd up close  
 Her Jewels and her Treasure,  
 Having no remorse  
 Of State or Royal Blood :  
 In homely poor Array  
 She went from Court away,  
 To meet her Love and Heart's delight,  
 Who in a Forest great,  
 Had taken up his Seat,  
 To wait her coming in the Night :  
 But lo, what sudden Danger,  
 To this Princely Stranger,  
 Chanced as he set alone ;  
 By Outlaws he was robbed,  
 And with a Poniard stabbed,  
 Uttering many a dying Groan.

The Princess armed by him,  
 And by true Desire,

**Wandering**

Wandring all the Night,  
 Without Dread at all :  
 Still unknown she pass'd,  
 In her strange Attire,  
 Coming at the last  
 Within Eccho's call :  
 You fair Woods, quoth she,  
 Honoured may you be,  
 Harboursing my Hearts delight :  
 Which doth encompass here  
 My Joy and only dear,  
 My trusty Friend and comely Knight.  
 Sweet I come unto thee,  
 Sweet I come to woo thee,  
 That thou may'st not angry be,  
 For my long delaying,  
 And thy courteous staying,  
 Amends for all I'll make to thee.

Passing thus alone  
 Through the silent Forest,  
 Many a grievous Groan  
 Sounded in her Ear ;  
 Where she heard a Man  
 To lament the forest  
 Chance that ever came,  
 Forc'd by deadly Strife :  
 Farewel, my dear, quoth he,  
 Whom I shall never see,  
 For why, my Life is at an end,  
 For thy sweet sake I dye,  
 Through Villains Cruelty,  
 To show I am a faithful Friend.  
 Here I lye bleeding,  
 While my Thoughts are feeding,  
 On the rarest Beauty found,  
 O hard hap that may be,  
 Little knows my Lady  
 My Heart's Blood lies on the Ground.

With

With that he gave a Groan,  
 That did break afunder,  
 All the tender Strings  
 Of his gentle Heart :  
 She who knew his Voice,  
 At his Tale did wonder,  
 All her former Joys  
 Did to Grief convert :  
 Strait she ran to fee,  
 Who this Man should be,  
 That so like her Love did speak ;  
 And found when as she came,  
 Her lovely Lord lay slain,  
 Smear'd in Blood which Life did break,  
 Which when that she espyed,  
 Lord how sore she cryed,  
 Her Sorrows could not counted be ;  
 Her Eyes like Fountains running,  
 While she cry'd out, My Darling,  
 Would God that I had dy'd for thee.

His pale Lips, alas,  
 Twenty times she kiffed,  
 And his Face did wash  
 With her brinish Tears ;  
 Every bleeding Wound  
 Her fair Face bedewed,  
 Wiping of the Blood  
 With her golden Hair :  
 Speak, my Love, quoth she,  
 Speak, dear Prince, to me,  
 One sweet Word of Comfort give ;  
 Lift up thy fair Eyes,  
 Listen to my Cries,  
 Think in what great Grief I live :  
 All in vain she sued,  
 All in vain she wooed,  
 The Prince's Life was fled and gone.  
 There stood she still mourning,  
 'Till the Sun's approaching,  
 And bright Day was coming on.

In

In this sad Distress,  
 Quoth this Royal Lady,  
 Who can now exprefs,  
 What will become of me?  
 To my Father's Court  
 Never will I wander,  
 But fome Service feek,  
 Where I may placed be.  
 Whilst ſhe thus made her Moan,  
 Weeping all alone,  
 In this deep and deadly Fear,  
 A Forrefter all in green,  
 Moſt comely to be ſeen,  
 Ranging the Wood did find her there,  
 Round he ſet with Sorrow,  
 Fair Maid, quoth he, good Morrow,  
 What hard Hap has brought you here.  
 Harder Hap did never  
 Chance to Maiden ever,  
 Here lies ſlain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd,  
 Gentle Forrefter tell me,  
 Where might I procure  
 A Service in my Need?  
 Pains will I not ſpare,  
 But will do my Duty,  
 Eaſe me of my Care,  
 Help my extream Need.  
 The Forrefter all amazed,  
 On her Beauty gazed,  
 'Till his Heart was ſet on fire :  
 If, fair Maid (quoth he)  
 You will go with me,  
 You ſhall have your Heart's deſire ;  
 He brought her to his Mother,  
 And above all other  
 He ſet forth this Maiden's Praiſe ;  
 Long was his Heart inflamed,  
 At length her Love he gained,  
 So Fortune did his Glory raiſe.

Thus

Thus unknown he match'd  
 With the King's fair Daughter,  
 Children seven he had,  
 E'er she to him was known :  
 But when he understood  
 She was a Royal Princess,  
 By this Means at last  
 He shew'd forth her Fame :  
 He cloath'd his Children then  
 Not like to other Men,  
 In Party-colours strange to see,  
 The Right side Cloth of Gold,  
 The Left side to behold,  
 Of Woollen Cloth still framed he :  
 Men thereat did wonder,  
 Golden Fame did thunder  
 This strange Deed in every Place :  
 The King of *France* came thither,  
 Being pleasant Weather,  
 In these Woods the Hart to chase.

The Children there did stand,  
 As their Mother willed,  
 Where the Royal King  
 Must of force come by ;  
 Their Mother richly clad  
 In fair Crimson Velvet,  
 Their Father all in Grey,  
 Most comely to the Eye.  
 When this famous King,  
 Noting every thing,  
 Did ask how he durst be so bold,  
 To let his Wife to wear,  
 And deck his Children there,  
 In costly Robes of Pearl and Gold :  
 The Forrester boldly replied,  
 And the Cause descried,  
 And to the King he thus did say,  
 Well may they, by their Mother,  
 Wear rich Cloaths with other,  
 Being by Birth a Princess' gay.

The

The King, upon these Words,  
 More heedfully beheld them,  
 'Till a crimson Blush  
 His Conceit did cross :  
 The more I look, quoth he,  
 On thy Wife and Children,  
 The more I call to Mind  
 The Daughter whom I lost.  
 I am that Child, quoth she,  
 Falling on her Knee,  
 Pardon me my Sovereign Liege.  
 The King perceiving this,  
 His Daughter dear did kifs,  
 'Till joyful Tears did stop his Speech.  
 With his Train he turned,  
 And with her sojourned ;  
 Strait he dubb'd her Husband Knight,  
 He made him Earl of *Flanders*,  
 One of his chief Commanders.  
 Thus were their Sorrows put to flight.



The





The Life and Death of the famous  
*Thomas Stukely*, an *English* Gal-  
 lant in the Time of Queen *Eliza-*  
*beth*, who ended his Life in a  
 Battle of three Kings of *Bar-*  
*bary*.

---

To the Tune of, *King Henry's going to Bulloign, &c.*

---

*The former Part of this Song is so confin'd to Particulars, that it cannot be expected Historians should have taken Notice of any of these Facts; but I am surpriz'd that amongst the Crimes our Poet has charg'd Stukely with, he has not taken Notice of the most heinous; Treason against his Queen and Country: For the King of Spain enrag'd that Queen Elizabeth should protect the Dutch, who had lately revolted from the Spanish Government, took Care to encourage the Rebels in Ireland, and Pope Gregory XIII. enter'd into a strict League with him, desiring to set the Marquis of Vincola, his Bastard Son, upon the Throne of Ireland. Thomas Stukely, who for some Reason, (but what is not recorded) had fled from England, his Native Country,*  
*joyn'd*

*joyn'd the Pope, and pretended such Interest in Ireland, that his Holiness gave him the Title of Marquis of Lemster, Earl of Wexford and Cartelogh, Viscount Morogh, and Baron of Rosse, and Command of Eight hundred Italian Soldiers, who were to be employ'd in the Conquest of that Kingdom. As Religion was made the Pretence, the Expedition was to be commanded in chief by the great Bigot of those Days Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, a Priest-ridden Monarch, whose Education had been intrusted to a Jesuit, and who had been taught, that to plant the Roman Religion with Fire and Sword was the grand Business of a believing Prince. Stukely therefore with his Eight hundred Men sail'd to Portugal to joyn his Commander, but he was at that time taken up with other Views, and design'd an Expedition nearer Home; for he was raising an Army to preach the Gospel in Morocco. Nor was there a Pretence wanting for carrying on this War; for after the Death of Abdalla, King of Morocco, Muley Mahomet his Son, had caus'd himself to be proclaim'd King; upon this Muley Moluc, his Uncle, rais'd an Army against him, alledging, that pursuant to the Laws of the Cheriffs the King's Brothers ought to ascend the Throne before his Sons, and Mahomet being overthrown in three pitch'd Battles, fled to Portugal, where having represented his Case*  
to

to Don Sebastian, and promis'd that his Subjects should turn Christians, that Monarch, contrary to the Advice of all his Council, imbark'd with 13,000 Men, of whom Stukely and his 800 Soldiers made a part, upon Promise, that this Expedition ended, he would immediately sail for Ireland. A pitch'd Battle, and that a bloody one too, was fought, during which Moluc, who had lain lingring, dy'd in his Litter, Sebastian was slain, and Mahomet flying, was drowned in passing the River Mucazen. The Particulars of this Battle are foreign to my Purpose, I shall therefore refer those who are Curious of seeing them to Monsieur Vertot's History of the Revolutions in Portugal.

IN the West of *England*,  
 Born there was, I understand,  
 A famous Gallant was he in his Days,  
 By Birth a wealthy Clothier's Son,  
 Deeds of Wonders hath he done,  
 To purchase him a long and lasting Praise.

If I would tell his Story,  
 Pride was all his Glory,  
 And lusty *Stukely* he was call'd in Court,  
 He serv'd a Bishop in the *West*,  
 And did accompany the best,  
 Maintaining of himself to gallant Sort.

Being thus esteemed,  
 And every where well deemed,  
 He gain'd the Favour a *London* Dame,

Daughter

Daughter to an Alderman,  
*Curtis* she was called then,  
 To whom a Suitor gallantly he came.

When she his Person spyed,  
 He could not be denyed,  
 So brave a Gentleman he was to see ;  
 She was quickly made his Wife,  
 In Weal or Woe to lead her Life,  
 Her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in State and Pleasure,  
 Full many Days they measure,  
 'Till cruel Death with his regardless Spight,  
 Bore old *Curtis* to the Grave,  
 A thing that *Stukely* wish'd to have,  
 That he might revel all in Gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,  
 But *Stukely* he presum'd,  
 To spend a Hundred Pounds a Day in waste ;  
 The greatest Gallants in the Land  
 Had *Stukely's* Purse at their Command,  
 Thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and Ordinaries,  
 Were his chief Braveries,  
 Golden Angels there flew up and down ;  
 Riots were his best delight,  
 With stately feasting Day and Night,  
 In Court and City thus he won Renown.

Thus waisting Lands and Living,  
 By this lawless giving,  
 At length he sold the Pavements of the Yard,  
 Which cover'd were with Blocks of Tin,  
 Old *Curtis* left the same to him,  
 Which he consumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat

Whereat his Wife fore grieved  
 Desiring to be relieved,  
 Make much of me dear Husband, she did say.  
 I'll make much more of thee (said he)  
 Than any one shall verily,  
 I'll sell thy Cloaths, and so I'll go my way.

Cruelly this Hard-hearted,  
 Away from her parted,  
 And travell'd into *Italy* with speed;  
 There he flourish'd many a Day,  
 In his Silks and rich Array,  
 And did the Pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's Pleasure,  
 To give him Goods and Treasure,  
 For to maintain him in great Pomp and Fame;  
 At last came News assuredly  
 Of a fought Battel in *Barbary*,  
 And he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant,  
 Sold both Land and Talent  
 To follow *Stukely* in his famous Fight,  
 Whereas three Kings in Person would  
 Adventurously with Courage bold,  
 Within this Battel shew themselves in Fight.

*Stukely* and his Followers all  
 Of the King of *Portugal*,  
 Had Entertainment like to Gentlemen:  
 The King affected *Stukely* so,  
 That he his Secrets all did know,  
 And bore his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this Day of Honour,  
 Each Man did shew his Banner,  
*Morocco*, and the King of *Barbary*,

*Portugal*

*Portugal*, and all his Train.  
Bravely glittering on the Plain,  
And gave the Onset there most valiantly.

The Cannons they rebounded,  
Thund'ring Guns redounded,  
Kill, kill, was all the Soldiers cry ;  
Mangled Men lay on the Ground,  
And with Blood the Earth was drown'd,  
The Sun likewise was darkned in the Sky.

Heaven was so displeased,  
And would not be appeased,  
But Tokens of God's Wrath did shew,  
That he was angry at this War,  
He sent a fearful Blazing Star,  
Whereby the Kings might their Misfortunes know.

Bloody was the Slaughter,  
Or rather wilful Murder,  
Where Sixscore thousand Fighting Men were slain :  
Three Kings within this Battle dy'd,  
With Forty Dukes and Earls beside,  
The like will never more be fought again.

With woeful Arms infolding,  
*Stukely* stood beholding  
The bloody Sacrifice of Souls that Day :  
He sighing said, I woeful Wight,  
Against my Conscience here do fight,  
And brought my Followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,  
And with Grief oppressed,  
Those brave *Italians* that did sell their Lands,  
With *Stukely* for to travel forth,  
And venture Life for little Worth,  
Upon him all did lay their murd'ring Hands.

Unto Death thus Wounded,  
His Heart with Sorrow swooned,  
And to them thus he made his heavy Moan ;  
Thus have I left my Country dear,  
To be thus vilely murder'd here,  
E'en in this Place, whereas I am not known.

My Wife I have much wronged,  
Of what to her belonged,  
I vainly spent in idle Course of Life ;  
What I have had is past I see,  
And bringeth nought but Grief to me,  
Therefore grant me Pardon, gentle Wife.

Life I see confumeth,  
And Death I see presumeth,  
To change this Life of mine into a new :  
Yet this my greatest Comfort brings,  
I liv'd and dy'd in Love of Kings,  
And so brave *Stukely* bid the World adieu.

*Stukely's* Life thus ended,  
Was after Death befriended,  
And like a Soldier buried gallantly  
Where now there stands upon the Grave,  
A stately Temple builded brave,  
With Golden Turrets piercing to the Sky.











XXV. Queen *Elizabeth's* Champion :  
Or, A Victory obtained by the  
Young Earl of *Essex*, over the Old  
Emperor of *Germany*, by Sea ; in  
which he took the Emperor's Son,  
and brought him Prisoner to Queen  
*Elizabeth*.

*I will not trouble my Reader with a tedious  
Introduction to this Ballad. The Earl of  
Essex, the Heroe of the Song, fought several  
times, and with good Success, against  
the Spaniards; which of his Battles this  
was writ upon, I shall leave those who are  
better acquainted with History to deter-  
mine.*

COME found up your Trumpets, and beat up  
(your Drums,  
And let's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer,  
In search of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,  
The like has not been for this fifty long Years,  
*Raderer two, tandaro te*  
*Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.*

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships,  
With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see,

Rich Top and Top-gallants, Captains and Lieutenants  
Some forty, some fifty Brafs Pieces and three,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

They had not fail'd past a Week on the Seas,  
Not passing a Week and Days two or three,  
But they were aware of the proud Emperor,  
Both him and all his proud Company,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

When he beheld our powerful Fleet,  
Sailing along in their Glory and Pride,  
He was amaz'd at their Valour and Fame,  
Then to his warlike Commanders he cry'd,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

These were the Words of the Old Emperor,  
Saying, *Who's this that is sailing to me,*  
*If he be a King that weareth a Crown,*  
*Yet am I a better Man than he,*  
*Raderer two, &c.*

It is not a King nor Lord of a Crown,  
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come,  
But the young Earl of *Effex*, the Queen's Lieutenant,  
Who fears no Foes in *Christendom*,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

Oh ! Is that young Lord then come to the Seas,  
Then let's tack about, and be steering away,  
I have heard so much of his Father before,  
That I will not fight with young *Effex* to Day,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

Oh ! then bespoke the Emperor's Son,  
As they were tacking and steering away,  
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,  
And I will go fight with young *Effex* to Day,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

Take

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son,  
 Most of them are of a Capital Size,  
 But should he do as his Father has done,  
 Farewel thine Honour and mine likewise.  
*Raderer two, &c.*

With Cannons hot, and thundering Shot,  
 These two Gallants fought on the Main,  
 And as it was young *Effex's* Lot,  
 The Emperor's Son by him was ta'n,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

Give me my Son, the Emperor cry'd,  
 Which thou this Day has taken from me,  
 And I'll give to thee three Keys of Gold,  
 The one shall be of *High Germany*,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,  
 Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,  
 But thy Son he shall to *England* fail,  
 And go before the Queen with me,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

Then have I fifty good Ships of the best,  
 As good as ever were sent to the Sea,  
 And e'er my Son into *England* shall fail,  
 They shall go all for good Company,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

They had not fought this famous Battle,  
 They had not fought it Hours were three,  
 E're some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,  
 And some lay tumbling in the Sea,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

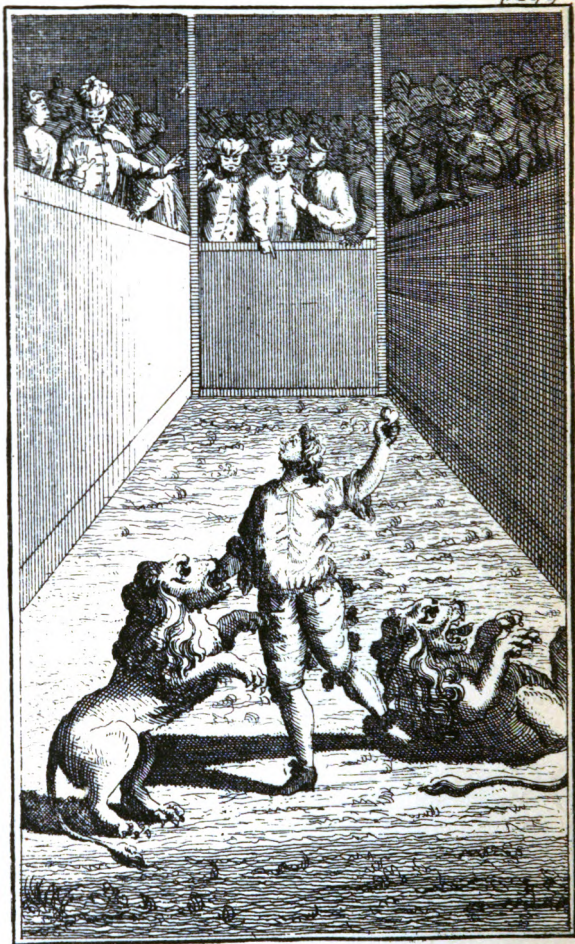
*Effex* he got this Battle likewise,  
 Tho' 'twas the sharpest that ever was seen,

Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,  
And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen,  
*Raderer two, &c.*

Oh ! then bespoke the 'Prentices all,  
Living in *London* both proper and tall,  
In a kind Letter sent strait to the Queen,  
For *Effex's* sake they would fight all,  
*Raderer two, Tandaro te ;*  
*Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.*









XXVI. The Honour of a *London*  
'Prentice. Being an Account of  
his matchless Manhood and brave  
Adventures done in *Turkey*, and  
by what Means he marry'd the  
King's Daughter, &c.

---

To the Tune of, *All you that love good Fellows*, &c.

---

*The following Song also relates to a noble Piece  
of Chivalry perform'd in Queen Elizabeth's  
Days, and therefore claims a Place here ;  
but I must acknowledge my self so ignorant  
of the History of that Reign, that I cannot  
yet discover who this famous 'Prentice was,  
nor yet any particular Account of the Fact ; I  
shall therefore leave the Poet to tell his own  
Story.*

OF a worthy *London* 'Prentice  
My Purpose is to speak,  
And tell his brave Adventures  
Done for his Country sake ;  
Seek all the World about,  
And you shall hardly find,  
A Man in Valour to exceed  
A 'Prentice gallant Mind.

K 4



He was born in *Chehire*,  
 The chief of Men was he,  
 From thence brought up to *London*,  
 A 'Prentice for to be ;  
 A Merchant on the Bridge,  
 Did like his Service so,  
 That for three Years his Factor,  
 To *Turkey* he should go.

And in that famous Country  
 One Year he had not been,  
 E'er he by Tilt maintained  
 The Honour of his Queen,  
*Elizabeth* his Princefs,  
 He nobly did make known,  
 To be the Phoenix of the World,  
 And none but she alone.

In Armour richly gilded,  
 Well mounted on a Steed,  
 One Score of Knights most hardy,  
 One Day he made to bleed ;  
 And brought them all unto the Ground,  
 Who proudly did deny,  
*Elizabeth* to be the Pearl  
 Of Princely Majesty.

The King of that fame Country  
 Thereat began to frown,  
 And will'd his Son, there present,  
 To pull this Youngster down ;  
 Who at his Father's Words  
 These boasting Speeches said,  
 Thou art a Traytor, *English* Boy,  
 And hast the Traytor play'd.

I am no Boy, nor Traytor,  
 Thy Speeches I defy,  
 For which I'll be revenged  
 Upon thee by and by,

A

A *London* 'Prentice still  
 Shall prove as good a Man,  
 As any of your *Turkish* Knights,  
 Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him  
 A Box upon the Ear,  
 Which broke his Neck afunder,  
 As plainly doth appear.  
 Now know, proud *Turk*, quoth he,  
 I am no *English* Boy,  
 That can with one small Box o' th' Ear,  
 The Prince of *Turks* destroy.

When as the King perceived  
 His Son so strangely slain,  
 His Soul was fore afflicted  
 With more than mortal Pain ;  
 And in Revenge thereof,  
 He swore that he should dye  
 The cruel'st Death that ever Man  
 Beheld with mortal Eye.

Two Lyons were prepar'd  
 This 'Prentice to devour,  
 Near famish'd up with Hunger,  
 Ten Days within the Tower,  
 To make them far more fierce  
 And eager of their Prey,  
 To glut themselves with humane Gore,  
 Upon this dreadful Day.

The appointed time of Torment  
 At length grew near at hand,  
 When all the noble Ladies  
 And Barons of the Land,  
 Attended on the King,  
 To see this 'Prentice slain,  
 And bury'd in the hungry Maws  
 Of those fierce Lyons twain.

K 5

Then

Then in his Shirt of Cambrick,  
 With Silks most richly wrought,  
 This worthy *London* Prentice  
 Was from the Prison brought,  
 And to the Lyons given  
 To staunch their Hunger great,  
 Which had not eat in ten Days space  
 Not one small Bit of Meat.

But God, that knows all Secrets,  
 The Matter so contriv'd,  
 That by this young Man's Valour  
 They were of Life depriv'd ;  
 For being faint for Food,  
 They scarcely could withstand  
 The noble Force, and Fortitude,  
 And Courage of his Hand :

For when the hungry Lyons,  
 Had cast on him their Eyes,  
 The Elements did thunder  
 With the Eccho of their Cryes ;  
 And running all amain  
 His Body to devour,  
 Into their Throats he thrust his Arms,  
 With all his Might and Power :

From thence by manly Valour  
 Their Hearts he tore in funder,  
 And at the King he threw them,  
 To all the People's Wonder :  
 This I have done, quoth he,  
 For lovely *England's* sake,  
 And for my Country's Maiden Queen  
 Much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived  
 His wrothful Lyons Hearts,  
 Afflicted with great Terror,  
 His Rigour soon reverts,

And

And turned all his Hate  
 Into Remorse and Love,  
 And said, It is some Angel  
 Sent down from Heav'n above.

No, no, I am no Angel,  
 The courteous young Man said,  
 But born in famous *England*,  
 Where God's Word is obey'd ;  
 Affisted by the Heavens,  
 Who did me thus befriend,  
 Or else they had most cruelly  
 Brought here my Life to end.

The King, in Heart amazed,  
 Lift up his Eyes to Heaven,  
 And for his foul Offences  
 Did crave to be forgiven ;  
 Believing that no Land  
 Like *England* may be seen,  
 No People better governed  
 By virtue of a Queen.

So taking up this young Man,  
 He pardon'd him his Life,  
 And gave his Daughter to him  
 To be his wedded Wife ;  
 Where then they did remain,  
 And live in quiet Peace,  
 In spending of their happy Days,  
 In Joy and Love's Increase.



XXVII. The true Lovers Knot untied: Being the right Path whereby to advise Princely Virgins how to behave themselves, by the Example of the Renowned Princess, the Lady *Arabella*, and the Second Son of the Lord *Seymour*, late Earl of *Hertford*.

---

To the Tune of *Frog's Galliard*, &c.

---

*The Lady Arabella Stuart, the Heroine of the following Song (whose Adventures none of our general Historians have at length recorded, few have touch'd upon) was doubly related to King James the First, in whose Reign she dy'd, for they both sprang from Margaret, the eldest Daughter of King Henry the Seventh, who by her first Husband King James the Fourth of Scotland, had James the Fifth, Father to Mary Queen of Scots, the Mother of James the First of England, and several other Children, whose Names, being foreign to my Purpose, I shall take no Notice of; after the Death of her first Husband she marry'd Archibald Douglass, Earl of Agnus, by whom*

*whom she had a Daughter call'd Margaret, who taking to Husband Matthew Earl of Lenox, bore him three Sons, of whom the youngest, Charles, (afterwards Earl of Lenox) was Father to Lady Arabella. Nor was this all, for Mary Queen of Scots, after the Death of her first Husband Francis the Second, of France, was marry'd to Henry Lord Darley, (second Son of Matthew Earl of Lenox, by the Lady Margaret, an elder Brother of Charles Stuart, the Lady Arabella's Father) by whom she had King James. When this Monarch came to the Crown of England, he had some Reason to be jealous of this Lady, not only because of her near Relation to him, but the very first Conspiracy, form'd against King James, was in favour of this Lady, tho' utterly ignorant of it, for the Papists hoping for a Change of Religion, and the disgraced Statesmen for a Change of Government, secretly plotted to make away with King James, and to proclaim the Lady Arabella Queen: However, the Conspiracy was discover'd, the Chief executed, and Arabella prov'd Innocent; but certain it is, their Design might have rais'd some ambitious Thoughts in her, which otherwise would not have had Birth; and it was good Policy to take Care she should not strengthen her self by too powerful an Alliance. Mean while Sir William Seymour, Son to the Lord Beauchamp, and*  
Grand-

*Grandson to the Earl of Hertford, privately wooed and marry'd this Lady; but as this Family was also related to the Crown, young Seymour was the most dangerous Person she could marry; for a distant Claim to the Throne, in good Politicks, is Treason. The Match was no sooner discover'd, but Seymour was committed to the Tower, and Lady Arabella confin'd in her own House at Highgate. However, they were not so strictly observ'd but they found Means of corresponding together, and concluded to make their Escape beyond Sea. Accordingly Sir William disguising himself, and leaving his Man in his Bed, that the Keeper might not miss him till the next Day, came to the Place appointed, and she also found the Means of escaping from her House in Man's Apparel, but staying long beyond the limited time, and he apprehensive that she was taken, and would discover him too, made the best of his way, leaving Word for her that he was gone to Dunkirk, where he would wait her coming; but her very fears betray'd her, and hinder'd her following him so fast as she ought to have done, so that being retaken she was committed to the Tower, where, on the 27th of September, 1615, she dy'd, and was privately bury'd at Westminster, in the same Vault with Mary Queen of Scots. She dead, Sir William Seymour having obtain'd leave to return home, was marry'd*  
to

*to Frances, Daughter of the Earl of Essex, and after his Grandfather's Death he inherited the Title of Earl, and was afterwards created Marquis of Hertford, and from him is descended one of our present noblest Families.*

AS I to *Ireland* did pass,  
 I saw a Ship at Anchor lay,  
 Another Ship likewise there was,  
 Which from fair *England* took her way.

This Ship that sail'd from fair *England*,  
 Unknown unto our Gracious King,  
 The Lord Chief Justice did command,  
 That they to *London* should her bring.

I then drew near, and saw more plain,  
 Lady *Arabella* in Distress,  
 She wrung her Hands, and wept amain,  
 Bewailing of her Heaviness.

When near fair *London* Tower she came,  
 Whereas her landing Place should be,  
 The King and Queen with all their Train,  
 Did meet this Lady gallantly.

How now, *Arabella*, said our good King,  
 Unto this Lady strait did say,  
 Who hath first ty'd thee to this thing,  
 That you from *England* took your way?

None but my self, my Gracious Liege,  
 These ten long Years I've been in Love  
 With the Lord *Seymour's* second Son,  
 The Earl of *Hertford* so we prove :

Full



Full many a Hundred Pound I had  
 In Goods and Livings in the Land,  
 Yet I have Lands us to maintain,  
 So much your Grace doth understand :

My Lands and Livings so well known  
 Unto your Books of Majesty,  
 Amount to Twelvescore Pound a Week,  
 Besides what I do give, quoth she.

In gallant *Derbyshire* likewise,  
 I Ninescore Beadsmen maintain there,  
 With Hats and Gowns and House Rentfree,  
 And every Man five Marks a Year.

I never raised Rent, said she,  
 Nor yet oppress'd the Tennant poor,  
 I never did take Bribes for Fines,  
 For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your Nobles will do so,  
 For to maintain the Commonalty?  
 Such Multitudes would never grow,  
 Nor be such store of Poverty.

I would I had a Milk-Maid been,  
 Or born of some more low Degree,  
 Then I might have lov'd where I like,  
 And no Man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were some Yeoman's Child,  
 For to receive my Portion now,  
 According unto my Degree,  
 As other Virgins whom I know.

The highest Branch that soars aloft,  
 Needs must beshade the Myrtle-tree,  
 Needs must the Shadow of them both,  
 Shadow the third in his Degree.

But

But when the Tree is cut and gone,  
And from the Ground is bore away,  
The lowest Tree that there doth stand,  
In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a Queen,  
But that I ever did deny,  
I knew your Grace had right to th' Crown,  
Before *Elizabeth* did dye.

You of the eldest Sister came,  
I of the second in Degree,  
The Earl of *Hartford* of the third,  
A Man of Royal Blood was he.

And so Good night, my Sovereign Leige,  
Since in the Tower I must lye,  
I hope your Grace will condescend,  
That I may have my Liberty.

Lady *Arabella*, said the King,  
I to your Freedom would consent,  
If you would turn and go to Church,  
There to receive the Sacrament.

And so Good-night, *Arabella* fair,  
Our King reply'd to her again,  
I will take Counsel of my Nobility,  
That you your Freedom may obtain.

Once more to Prison must I go,  
Lady *Arabella* then did say,  
To leave my Love breeds all my Woe,  
The which will be my Life's decay.

Love is a Knot none can unknit,  
Fancy a liking of the Heart,  
Him whom I love I can't forget,  
Though from his Prefence I must part.

The meanest People enjoy their Mates,  
 But I was born unhappily,  
 For being cross'd by cruel Fates,  
 I want both Love and Liberty.

But Death, I hope, will end the Strife ;  
 Farewel, farewel, my Love, quoth she,  
 Once I had thought to have been thy Wife,  
 But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this sad Meeting she had Cause,  
 In Heart and Mind to grieve full fore,  
 After that time *Arabella* fair,  
 Did never see Lord *Seymour* more.









XXVIII. The *Northern* Ditty : Or,  
The *Scotchman* outwitted by the  
Country Damsel.

---

To a new *Scotch* Tune.

---

*Now I am got into the Reign of King James the First, I shall chuse to insert the following Song, said to be written much about his time on an amorous Intrigue of a certain Great Man. One would not chuse to insert bare Conjectures, without being able to second 'em with good Arguments, or at least very great Probabilities ; my Reader will therefore excuse me, I hope, from relating the Particulars I have heard ; and I shall make no Observation on the Song, save, that the Scottish Dialect pretty plainly intimates that it was written on some Person of that Nation.*

Old and Raw the *North* did blow,  
Bleak in the Morning early,  
All the Trees were hid with Snow,  
Cover'd with Winter Yearly :  
As I was riding o'er the Slough,  
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,  
Rofy Cheeks and a bonny Brow,  
Good Faith my Mouth did water.

Down

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,  
 Meaning to show my Breeding,  
 She return'd a graceful Bow,  
 Her Vifage far exceeding :  
 I ask'd her where ſhe was going ſo ſoon,  
 And long'd to hold a Parley,  
 She told me to the next Market-Town,  
 On purpoſe to ſell her Barley.

In this Purſe, ſweet Soul, ſaid I,  
 Twenty Pounds lies fairly,  
 Seek no further one to buy,  
 For Iſe take all thy Barley :  
 Twenty Pound more ſhall purchaſe Delight,  
 Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,  
 If thou wilt lig with me all Night,  
 And gang Home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pound would buy the Globe,  
 This thing I'd not do, Sir,  
 Or were my Friends as Poor as *Job*,  
 I'd never raiſe 'em ſo, Sir,  
 For ſhould you prove one Night my Friend,  
 We's get a young Kid together,  
 And you'd be gone e'er nine Month's end,  
 Then where ſhould I find the Father ?

Pray what would my Parents ſay,  
 If I ſhould be ſo filly,  
 To give my Maidenhead away,  
 And loſe my true Love *Billy* ?  
 Oh, this would bring me to Diſgrace,  
 And therefore I ſay you nay, Sir ;  
 And if that you would me embrace,  
 Firſt marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been  
 Fourteen Years, and longer,  
 Elſe I'd chuſe her for my Queen,  
 And tye the Knot more ſtronger,

She

She bid me then no farther come,  
 But manag'd my Wedlock fairly,  
 And keep my Purse for poor Spouse at home,  
 For some other should buy her Barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,  
 She rode away and left me ;  
 After her I could not go,  
 Of Joy she quite bereft me :  
 Thus I my self did disappoint,  
 For she did leave me fairly ;  
 My Words knock'd all things out of joynt,  
 I lost both the Maid and the Barley.

Riding down a narrow Lane,  
 Some two or three Hours after,  
 There I chanc'd to meet again,  
 This Farmer's bonny Daughter :  
 Although it was both Raw and Cold,  
 I stay'd to hold a Parley,  
 And shew'd once more my Purse of Gold,  
 When as she had sold her Barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,  
 But let us change Embraces,  
 I'll buy thee a filken Gown,  
 With Ribbons, Gloves and Laces ;  
 A Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,  
 No Lady shall have neater ;  
 For, as I am an honest Man,  
 I ne'er saw a sweeter Creature.

Then I took her by the Hand,  
 And said, my dearest Jewel,  
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,  
 I prithee be not cruel.  
 She found my Mind was fully bent,  
 To pleasure my fond Desire,  
 Therefore she seemed to consent,  
 But I wish I had never come nigh her.

Sir,



Sir, said she, what shall I do,  
 If I commit this Evil,  
 And yield my self in Love with you ;  
 I hope you will prove civil ?  
 You talk of Ribbons, Gloves and Rings,  
 And likewise Gold and Treasure :  
 Oh, let me first enjoy those things,  
 And then you shall have your Pleasure.

Sure thy Will shall be obey'd,  
 Said I, my own dear Honey,  
 Then into her Lap I lay'd  
 Full Forty Pounds in Money ;  
 We'll to the Market Town this Day,  
 And straitway end this Quarrel,  
 And deck thee like a Lady gay,  
 In flourishing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there  
 To her I did deliver :  
 On the Road we did repair,  
 Out-coming to a River,  
 Whose Waters are both deep and wide,  
 Such Rivers I ne'er see many,  
 She leapt her Mare on the other Side,  
 And left me not one Penny.

Then my Heart was sunk full low,  
 With Grief and Care furrounded,  
 After her I could not go,  
 For fear of being drowned ;  
 She turn'd about, and say'd, Behold,  
 I am not for your Devotion,  
 But, Sir, I thank you for my Gold,  
 'Twill serve to inlarge my Portion.

I began

I began to stamp and stare,  
 To see what she had acted ;  
 With my Hands I tore my Hair,  
 Like one that was quite distracted.  
 Give me my Money then I cry'd,  
 Good Faith, I did but lend it,  
 But she full fast away did ride,  
 And vow'd she did not intend it.



XXIX. The famous Flower of Serving-Men : Or, The Lady turn'd Serving-Man.

---

To the Tune of, *Flora's Farewell : Or, Summer time : Or, Love's Tide.*

---

*Having now inserted all the Historical Ballads which I had design'd for this Collection, I will give my Readers a few of the best old Fabulous Songs, for so I am oblig'd to call 'em ; not that I think the Subject of them all the Invention of the Poet, but because I have not hitherto been able to trace them out in History. Perhaps, tho' written on Persons of Note, yet being confin'd to Particulars, the Facts they treat of may have escaped the Historians ; or perhaps, that being chiefly founded on amorous Intrigues, they would not, or durst not, take Notice of 'em ; or, which is as probable as any of the former Conjectures, perhaps I may have pass'd 'em over. Nor can this always be accounted a Fault, for I believe it very possible to read a Song, and the Story on which it is written at the same time, yet not know that they both treat of the same Thing ; for being mostly compos'd in the Days of those*

*those Persons of whom they speak, our Poets have, to disguise Truth, blended Truth and Fiction so much together, that without having been Personally acquainted with the Heroes and Heroines, 'tis impossible to know them. Perhaps some Persons who are better acquainted with antique Stories, or have more Leisure upon their Hands, may, upon the perusing of this Story, discover and bring the World acquainted with the King and fair Elise, whose Praises are here recorded.*

YOU beauteous Ladies great and small,  
 I write unto you one and all,  
 Whereby that you may understand  
 What I have suffer'd in this Land :

I was by Birth a Lady fair,  
 My Father's chief and only Heir,  
 But when my good old Father dy'd,  
 Then I was made a young Knight's Bride.

And then my Love built me a Bower,  
 Bedeck'd with many a fragrant Flower ;  
 A braver Bower you never did see,  
 Than my true Love did build for me.

But there came Thieves late in the Night,  
 They robb'd my Bower, and slew my Knight,  
 And after that my Knight was slain,  
 I could no longer there remain.

My Servants all from me did flye,  
 In the midst of my Extremity,  
 And left me by my self alone,  
 With a Heart more Cold than any Stone.

L

Yet

Yet though my Heart was full of Care,  
Heaven would not suffer me to despair ;  
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my Name,  
From fair *Elise* to sweet *William*.

And therewithal I cut my Hair,  
And drefs'd my self in Man's Attire,  
My Doublet, Hose, and Beaver Hat,  
And a Golden Band about my Neck ;

With a Silver Rapier by my side,  
So like a Gallant I did ride ;  
The thing that I delighted on,  
It was to be a Serving-Man.

Thus in my sumptuous Man's Array,  
I bravely rode along the Way ;  
And at the last it chanced so,  
That I to the King's Court did go.

Then to the King I bow'd full low,  
My Love and Duty for to show ;  
And so much Favour I did crave,  
That I a Serving-man's Place might have.

Stand up, brave Youth, the King reply'd,  
Thy Service shall not be deny'd ;  
But tell me first what thou canst do,  
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be Usher of my Hall,  
To wait upon my Nobles all ?  
Or wilt thou be Taster of my Wine,  
To wait on me when I do dine ?

Or wilt thou be my Chamberlain,  
To make my Bed both soft and fine ?  
Or wilt thou be one of my Guard,  
And I will give thee thy Reward ?

Sweet

Sweet *William* with a smiling Face,  
Said to the King, If't please your Grace,  
To shew such Favour unto me,  
Your Chamberlain I fain would be.

The King then did the Nobles call,  
To ask the Counsell of them all ;  
Who gave Consent sweet *William* he,  
The King's own Chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass,  
As the King one Day a Hunting was,  
With all his Lords and Noble Train,  
Sweet *William* did at Home remain.

Sweet *William* had no Company then  
With him at Home but an old Man ;  
And when he saw the House was clear,  
He took a Lute which he had there :

Upon the Lute sweet *William* play'd,  
And to the same he sung, and said,  
With a sweet and noble Voice,  
Which made the old Man to rejoyce :

*My Father was as brave a Lord,  
As ever Europe did afford ;  
My Mother was a Lady bright,  
My Husband was a valiant Knight.*

*And I my self a Lady gay,  
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich Array,  
The bravest Lady in the Land  
Had not more Pleasure at Command :*

*I had my Musick every Day,  
Harmonious Lessons for to play ;  
I had my Virgins fair and free,  
Continually to wait on me.*

L 2

*But*

*But now, alas ! my Husband's dead,  
And all my Friends are from me fled ;  
My former Joys are past and gone,  
For I am now a Serving-Man.*

At last the King from Hunting came,  
And presently upon the same,  
He called for this good old Man,  
And thus to speak the King began.

What News, what News, old Man, quoth he,  
What News hast thou to tell to me ?  
Brave News, the old Man he did say,  
Sweet *William* is a Lady gay.

If this be true thou tell'st to me,  
I'll make thee a Lord of high Degree ;  
But if thy Words do prove a Lye,  
Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.

But when the King the Truth had found,  
His Joys did more and more abound :  
According as the old Man did say,  
Sweet *William* was a Lady gay.

Therefore the King without delay,  
Put on her glorious rich Array ;  
And upon her Head a Crown of Gold,  
Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further Strife,  
He took sweet *William* for his Wife :  
The like before was never seen,  
A Serving Man to be a Queen.









XXX. The Children in the Wood;  
Or, The *Norfolk* Gentleman's last  
Will and Testament.

---

To the Tune of, *Rogero*, &c.

---

*I can by no means join in Opinion with those who believe this Song written on the Murder of King Edward the 5th and his young Brother in the Tower. Richard III. was succeeded by his inveterate Foe King Henry VII, whose Descendants have ever since sway'd the Scepter; and a Poet need not have had recourse to Fiction to have recorded this Story, he might safely have nam'd the cruel Tyrant; and had it been early after this Reign, it would have been a Complement to the Sovereign. The blacker Richard appear'd, the more the Nation thought themselves obliged to their great Deliverer Henry. They have but one Plea then left, and that is, this old Ballad may perhaps have been written during the Reign of Richard; but I can assure 'em from the little Acquaintance I have with old Songs, that it was not written of above a hundred Years after his Death, and I am apt to think the Poet had some private Story in view, but no publick one I dare swear.*

*Now*

**N**OW ponder well you Parents dear,  
 These Words which I shall write,  
 A doleful Story you shall hear,  
 In time brought forth to light :  
 A Gentleman of good Account,  
 In *Norfolk* dwelt of late,  
 Who did in Honour far furmount  
 Most Men of his Estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to dye,  
 No help his Life could save ;  
 His Wife by him as sick did lye,  
 And both possess'd one Grave.  
 No Love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kind,  
 In Love they liv'd, in Love they dy'd,  
 And left two Babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty Boy,  
 Not passing three Years old,  
 The other a Girl more young than he,  
 And fram'd in Beauty's Mould :  
 The Father left his little Son,  
 As plainly doth appear,  
 When he to perfect Age should come,  
 Three hundred Pounds a Year.

And to his little Daughter *Fane*,  
 Five hundred Pounds in Gold,  
 To be paid down on Marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controul'd ;  
 But if the Children chanc'd to dye,  
 E're they to Age should come,  
 Their Uncle should possess their Wealth  
 For so the Will did run.

*Now Brother (said the dying Man)*  
*Look to my Children dear,*  
*Be good unto my Boy and Girl,*  
*No Friends else I have here :*

To

*To God and you I recommend  
My Children Night and Day,  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this World to stay.*

*You must be Father and Mother both,  
And Uncle all in one ;  
God knows what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.*

*With that bespoke their Mother dear,  
O Brother kind, (quoth she)  
You are the Man must bring our Babes  
To Wealth or Misery.*

*If you do keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward ;  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your Deeds regard.*

*With Lips as cold as any Stone,  
They kiss'd their Children small,  
God bless you both my Children dear ;  
With that the Tears did fall.*

*These Speeches then their Brother spoke,  
To this sick Couple there,  
The keeping of your Children dear,  
Sweet Sister do not fear ;  
God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor ought else that I have,  
If I do wrong your Children dear,  
When you are laid in Grave.*

*The Parents being dead and gone,  
The Children home he takes,  
And brings them strait unto his House,  
Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty Babes  
A Twelvemonth and a Day,  
But for their Wealth he did devise,  
To make them both away.*

He bargain'd with two Ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious Mood,  
 That they should take the Children young,  
 And slay them in a Wood :  
 And told his Wife, and all he had,  
 He did the Children fend  
 To be brought up in fair *London*,  
 With one that was his Friend.

Away then went these pretty Babes,  
 Rejoycing at that Tide,  
 Rejoycing with a merry Mind,  
 They should on Cock-horse ride :  
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
 As they rode on the Way,  
 To those that should their Butchers be,  
 And work their Lives decay.

So that the pretty Speech they had,  
 Made Murtherers Hearts relent,  
 And they that undertook the Deed,  
 Full fore did now repent.  
 Yet one of them more hard of Heart,  
 Did vow to do his Charge,  
 Because the Wretch that hired him,  
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
 So here they fell to strife,  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the Childrens Life :  
 And he that was of mildest Mood,  
 Did slay the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented Wood,  
 Where Babes did quake for fear.

He took the Children by the Hand,  
 When Tears stood in their Eyes,  
 And bad them straitway follow him,  
 And look they did not cry :

And

And two long Miles he led them thus,  
 While they for Bread complain,  
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring ye Bread,  
 When I do come again.

These pretty Babes with Hand in Hand  
 Went wand'ring up and down,  
 But never more did see the Man  
 Approaching from the Town :  
 Their pretty Lips with Black-berries,  
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd,  
 And when they saw the darksome Night,  
 They sat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd these two pretty Babes,  
 Till Death did end their Grief,  
 In one another's Arms they dy'd,  
 As Babes wanting Relief :  
 No burial these pretty Babes  
 Of any Man receives,  
 Till *Robin Red-breast* painfully  
 Did cover them with Leaves.

And now the heavy Wrath of God,  
 Upon their Uncle fell ;  
 Yea, fearful Fiends did haunt his House,  
 His Conscience felt an Hell ;  
 His Barns were fir'd, his Goods consum'd,  
 His Lands were barren made,  
 His Cattle dy'd within the Field,  
 And nothing with him staid.

And in the Voyage of *Portugal*,  
 Two of his Sons did dye ;  
 And to conclude, himself was brought  
 Unto much Misery :  
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his Land,  
 E'er seven Years came about ;  
 And now at length this wicked Act,  
 Did by this Means come out.

The Fellow that did take in hand,  
 These Children for to kill,  
 Was for a Robbery judg'd to dye,  
 As was God's blessed Will :  
 Who did confests the very Truth,  
 The which is here exprefs'd ;  
 Their Uncle dy'd, while he for Debt  
 Did long in Prifon reft.

You that Executors be made,  
 And Overseers eke,  
 Of Children that be Fatherless,  
 And Infants Mild and Meek ;  
 Take you Example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his Right,  
 Left God with fuch like Mifery,  
 Your wicked Minds requite.









XXXI. The *Devonshire* Nymph: Or  
The Knight's happy Choice. Shew-  
ing how a young rich Knight fell in  
Love with the Daughter of a poor  
Weaver of *Devonshire*, and for her  
Beauty and Virtue marry'd her.

---

To the Tune of, *Tender Hearts of London City*.

---

*The many Beauties, as well as Scarcity of this Song, justly entitles it to a Place in this Collection; for having heard of it, I made it my Business to search the whole Town over for it, but all in vain, till meeting with a Gentlewoman who us'd to sing it, she favour'd me with a Copy of it. Its Beauties I will not pretend to point out; they are so obvious, and indeed so frequent, that we have not time to admire one, before another presents itself to our Eyes; and I believe those who are acquainted with Nature and easy Poetry, will acknowledge they have them here in their utmost Perfection.*

*How-*

*However, I cannot forbear taking Notice of a beautiful Imitation of one of Martial's best Epigrams, in the three first lines of the second Stanza: The Epigram is this:*

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo  
 Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:  
 Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est  
 Nævia: Si non fit Nævia, mutus erit.  
 Scriberet hesternâ Patri, cum luce salutem,  
 Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

*For the Benefit of my Female Readers, I shall give a Translation of this Epigram by a famous modern Hand, or rather an Imitation of it, for it is impossible to translate the Beauties of the second Line.*

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,  
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:  
 Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,  
 Still he must talk of Nævia, or be mute.  
 He writ to's Father, ending with this Line,  
 I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

I N the West of *Devonshire*,  
 Liv'd a Maid of Beauty rare,  
 Pretty *Peggy* was her Name ;  
 Ev'ry Creature lov'd her Nature,  
*Peggy* there had all the Fame.

Wheresoever I am walking,  
 Or of whatsoever talking,  
 Pretty *Peggy* must come in,  
 She has so much Duty, and so much Beauty,  
 Not to worship were a Sin.

Fame

Fame that oftentimes doth flatter,  
Told the Truth of all the Matter,  
To a young and Worthy Knight,  
One lov'd Pleasure, more than Treasure,  
Beauty was his sole Delight.

Strait in Love he was involved,  
And to try he was resolved,  
Whether *Peggy* would be kind  
But he did never meet with ever  
Such a Face, and such a Mind.

When he first beheld the Creature,  
All her Charms were lent by Nature,  
Neither Spots nor Tower she wore,  
But she was finging, and a spinning,  
At her poor old Father's Door.

When she saw him she retired,  
But his Senses all were fired  
At the little Interview :  
Oh ! stay, he said, thou lovely Maid,  
For now I swear Report is true.

Straitway then he did pursue her,  
And with all his Art did woe her,  
Kiss'd her Hands, and bless'd her Eyes,  
Proferr'd Treasure for his Pleasure,  
But, alas, she all denies.

Golden Promises he made her,  
And with Vows he did persuade her,  
But her Virtue was so strong,  
That all his Art ne'er touch'd her Heart,  
Altho' poor *Peggy* was but young.

Dearest Charmer be not cruel,  
To yourself and me my Jewel,  
Leave your homely rural Sport,  
And be but mine, and thou shalt shine  
Amongst the glorious Stars at Court.

All

All the Pride of *London* City,  
 That can make young Ladies pretty,  
 And what the Change affords that's rare,  
 All shall be, my Dear, for thee,  
 And none with *Peggy* shall compare.

Sir, said she, do not endeavour,  
 The poor Daughter of a Weaver  
 Has a Heart of Vertuous Mould,  
 Which no Pride can draw aside,  
 To be corrupted by your Gold.

Then, said he, Dear *Peggy*, may be  
 You'll deny to be a Lady,  
 How does that now suit your Mind?  
 Sir, said she, my low Degree  
 Is still to humble Thoughts confin'd.

For that, says he, I ne'er will fault thee,  
 But for Humbleness exalt thee,  
 Thou this Day my Bride shalt be.  
 No longer they tarry'd, but strait were marry'd,  
 And Lady *Margaret* was she.

You may think her Friends consented,  
 And that she was well contented,  
 And I am sure so was the Knight,  
 For all the Day they sport and play,  
 But what they did, God knows, at Night.





## XXXII. The BRIDE's Burial.

---

To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

---

*The four following Songs (for I shall not trouble my Reader with an Introduction to every one) are written on Tragical Subjects, and are far from being the most despicable that ever were printed; I take 'em all, but the last especially, to fall under the Number of those which are written on some Fact which has escaped us.*

COME mourn, come mourn with me,  
 You loyal Lovers all,  
 Lament my Loss in Weeds of Woe,  
 Whom griping Grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping Vine,  
 Cut by the Gardener's Knife,  
 Even so my Heart, with Sorrow slain,  
 Doth bleed for my sweet Wife.

By Death, that grisly Ghost,  
 My Turtle Dove is slain,  
 And I am left, unhappy Man,  
 To spend my Days in Pain.

Her Beauty late so bright,  
 Like Roses in their Prime,  
 Is wasted like the Mountain's Snow,  
 By force of *Phæbus* shine.

Her

Her fair red colour'd Cheeks  
 Now pale and wan ; her Eyes,  
 That late did shine like Crystal Stars ;  
 Alas, their Light it dies :

Her pretty Lilly Hands,  
 With Fingers long and small,  
 In Colour like the earthly Clay,  
 Yea, Cold and Stiff withal.

When as the Morning-Star  
 Her golden Gates had spread,  
 And that the glittering Sun arose  
 Forth from fair *Thetis* Bed ;

Then did my Love awake,  
 Most like a Lilly-flower,  
 And as the lovely Queen of Heaven,  
 So shone she in her Bower.

Attired was she then  
 Like *Flora* in her Pride,  
 Like one of bright *Diana's* Nymphs,  
 So look'd my loving Bride.

And as fair *Helen's* Face,  
 Gave *Grecian* Dames the Lurch,  
 So did my Dear exceed in Sight,  
 All Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the Knot  
 Of holy Wedlock-band,  
 Like Alabaster joyn'd to Jet,  
 So stood we Hand in Hand ;

Then lo ! a chilling Cold  
 Struck every vital Part,  
 And griping Grief, like Pangs of Death,  
 Seiz'd on my true Love's Heart.

Down

Down in a Swoon she fell,  
 As cold as any Stone ;  
 Like *Venus* Picture, lacking Life,  
 So was my Love brought home.

At length her rosy red,  
 Throughout her comely Face,  
 As *Phæbus* Beams with watry Clouds  
 Was cover'd for a Space.

When with a grievous Groan,  
 And Voice both hoarse and dry,  
 Farewel, quoth she, my loving Friend,  
 For I this Day must dye ;

The Messenger of God,  
 With golden Trump I see,  
 With many other Angels more,  
 Which sound and call for me.

Instead of Musick sweet,  
 Go toll my Passing-Bell ;  
 And with sweet Flowers strow my Grave,  
 That in my Chamber smell :

Strip off my Bride's Array,  
 My Cork Shoes from my Feet,  
 And, gentle Mother, be not coy  
 To bring my Winding-sheet.

My Wedding Dinner dress'd,  
 Bestow upon the Poor,  
 And on the Hungry, Needy, Maim'd,  
 Now craving at the Door.

Instead of Virgins young,  
 My Bride-Bed for to see,  
 Go cause some curious Carpenter,  
 To make a Chest for me.

My



My Bride-Laces of Silk,  
Bestow'd on Maidens meet.  
May fitly serve, when I am Dead,  
To tie my Hands and Feet.

And thou, my Lover true,  
My Husband and my Friend,  
Let me entreat thee here to stay,  
Until my Life doth end.

Now leave to talk of Love,  
And humbly on your Knee,  
Direct your Prayers unto God,  
But mourn no more for me.

In Love as we have liv'd,  
In Love let us depart ;  
And I, in Token of my Love,  
Do kifs thee with my Heart.

O stanch those bootles Tears,  
Thy Weeping is in vain ;  
I am not lost, for we in Heaven  
Shall one Day meet again.

With that she turn'd aside,  
As one dispos'd to sleep,  
And like a Lamb departed Life,  
Whose Friends did forely weep.

Her true Love seeing this,  
Did fetch a grievous Groan,  
As tho' his Heart would burst in two,  
And thus he made his Moan.

O dismal and unhappy Day,  
A Day of Grief and Care,  
That hath bereft the Sun so high,  
Whose Beams refresh the Air.

Now

Now woe unto the World,  
And all that therein dwell,  
O that I were with thee in Heaven,  
For here I live in Hell.

And now this Lover lives  
A discontented Life,  
Whose Bride was brought unto the Grave  
A Maiden and a Wife.

A Garland fresh and fair  
Of Lillies there was made,  
In sign of her Virginitie,  
And on her Coffin laid.

Six Maidens, all in white,  
Did bear her to the Ground ;  
The Bells did ring in folemn sort,  
And made a doleful Sound.

In Earth they laid her then,  
For hungry Worms a Prey ;  
So shall the fairest Face alive,  
At length be brought to Clay.





XXXIII. The unfortunate Love of a  
*Lancashire* Gentleman, and the  
 hard Fortune of a fair young  
 Bride.

---

To the Tune of, *Come follow my Love, &c.*

---

LOOK you faithful Lovers,  
 On my unhappy State,  
 See my Tears distilling,  
 But poured out too late :  
 And buy no foolish Fancy,  
 At too dear a Rate ;  
*Alack for my Love I shall dye.*

My Father is a Gentleman,  
 Well known of high Degree,  
 And tender of my Welfare  
 Evermore was he ;  
 He fought for Reputation,  
 But all the worfe for me,  
*Alack, &c.*

There was a proper Maiden  
 Of Favour sweet and fair,  
 To whom in deep Affection  
 I closely did repair,  
 In Heart I dearly lov'd her,  
 Lo, thus began my Care ;  
*Alack, &c.*

For

For Nature had adorn'd her  
 With Qualities divine,  
 Prudent in her Actions,  
 And in Behaviour fine,  
 Upon a sweeter Creature  
 The Sun did never shine ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Nothing wanting in her,  
 But this the Grief of all,  
 Of Birth she was but lowly,  
 Of Substance very small,  
 A simple hired Servant,  
 And subject to each Call.  
*Alack, &c.*

Yet she was my Pleasure,  
 My Joy and Hearts delight,  
 More rich than any Treasure,  
 More Precious in my Sight ;  
 At length to one another  
 Our Promise we did plight ;  
*Alack, &c.*

And thus unto my Father  
 The thing I did reveal,  
 Desiring of his Favour,  
 Nothing I did conceal,  
 But he my dear Affection  
 Regarded ne'er a deal ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Quoth he, Thou graceless Fellow,  
 Thou art my only Heir ;  
 And for thy own Preferment  
 Hath thou no better Care ?  
 To marry with a Beggar  
 That is both poor and bare ;  
*Alack, &c.*

I charge

I charge thee on my Blessing,  
 That you her Sight refrain,  
 And that into her Company  
 You never come again :  
 That you should be so marryed,  
 I take it in Disdain.  
*Alack, &c.*

Are there so many Gentlemen  
 Of worshipful Degree,  
 That have most honest Daughters  
 Of Beauty fair and free,  
 And can none but a Beggar's Brat  
 Content and pleasure thee ?  
*Alack, &c.*

By God, that did all things create,  
 This Vow to thee I make,  
 If thou do not this Beggar  
 Refuse and quite forsake,  
 From thee thy due Inheritance  
 I wholly mean to take ;  
*Alack, &c.*

These his bitter Speeches  
 Did fore torment my Mind,  
 Knowing well how greatly  
 He was to Wealth inclin'd,  
 My Heart was slain with Sorrow,  
 No comfort I could find ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Then did I write a Letter,  
 And sent it to my Dear,  
 Wherein my first Affection  
 All changed did appear ;  
 Which from her fair Eyes forced  
 The pearled Water clear ;  
*Alack, &c.*

For

For Grief unto the Messenger  
 One Word she could not speak  
 Those doleful heavy Tidings  
 Her gentle Heart did break ;  
 Yet fought not by her Speeches,  
 On me her Heart to wreak ;  
*Alack, &c.*

This Deed within my Conscience  
 Tormented me full fore,  
 To think upon the Promise  
 I made her long before,  
 And for the true Performance  
 How I most deeply swore ;  
*Alack, &c.*

I could not be in quiet  
 Till I to her did go,  
 Who for my sake remained  
 In Sorrow, Grief and Woe,  
 And unto her in secret  
 My full Intent to shew ;  
*Alack, &c.*

My Sight rejoyced greatly  
 Her sad perplexed Heart,  
 From both our Eyes on sudden  
 The trickling Tears did start,  
 And in each other's Bosom  
 We breathed forth our Smart ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Unknown unto my Father,  
 Or any Friend beside,  
 Our Selves we closely married,  
 She was my only Bride,  
 Yet still within her Service  
 I caus'd her to abide ;  
*Alack, &c.*

But

But never had two Lovers  
 More Sorrow, Care and Grief,  
 No Means in our Extremity  
 We found for our Relief:  
 And now what further happened  
 Here followeth in brief;  
*Alack, &c.*

Now you loyal Lovers,  
 Attend unto the rest;  
 See by secret Marriage  
 How fore I am opprefs'd,  
 For why my sad Misfortune  
 Herein shall be exprefs'd;  
*Alack, &c.*

My Father came unto me  
 Upon a certain Day,  
 And with a merry Countenance,  
 And Looks that seem'd all gay:  
 My Son, quoth he, come hither,  
 And mark what I shall say;  
*Alack, &c.*

Seeing you are disposed  
 To lead a wedded Life,  
 I have unto your Credit  
 Provided you a Wife,  
 Where thou may'st live delightful  
 Without all Care and Strife;  
*Alack, &c.*

Master *Senock's* Daughter,  
 Most Beautiful and Wife,  
 Three hundred Pounds her Portion,  
 May well thy Mind suffice,  
 And by her Friends and Kindred,  
 Thou may'st to Credit rise;  
*Alack, &c.*

This

This is, my Son, undoubted,  
 A Mate for thee most meet,  
 She is a proper Maiden  
 Most delicate and sweet;  
 Go woe her then and wed her,  
 I shall rejoyce to see 't ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Her Friends and I have talked,  
 And thereon have agreed,  
 Then be not thou abashed,  
 But speedily proceed,  
 Thou shalt be entertained,  
 And have no doubt to speed ;  
*Alack, &c.*

O pardon me, dear Father,  
 With bashful Looks, I said,  
 To enter into Marriage  
 I forely am afraid,  
 A single Life is lovely,  
 Therein my Mind is staid :  
*Alack, &c.*

When he had heard my Speeches,  
 His Anger did arise,  
 He drove me from his Prefence,  
 My Sight he did despise,  
 And strait to disinherit me  
 All Means he did devise ;  
*Alack, &c.*

When I, my self perceived,  
 In that ill Case to stand,  
 Most lewdly I consented  
 Unto his fond Demand,  
 And married with the other,  
 And all to save my Land ;  
*Alack, &c.*



And at this hapless Marriage  
 Great Cost my Friends did keep,  
 They spared not their Poultry,  
 Their Oxen, nor their Sheep ;  
 Whilst joyfully they danced,  
 I did in Corners weep :  
*Alack, &c.*

My Conscience fore tormented,  
 Did me of Joys deprive ;  
 I for to hide my Sorrow  
 In Thoughts did always strive,  
 Quoth I, What Shame will it be  
 To have two Wives alive ;  
*Alack, &c.*

O my sweet *Margaret*,  
 I did in Sorrow say,  
 Thou know'st not in thy Service,  
 Of this my Marriage-Day,  
 Tho' here my Body resteth,  
 With thee my Heart doth stay ;  
*Alack, &c.*

And in my Meditations  
 Came in my lovely Bride,  
 With Chains and Jewels trimmed,  
 And filken Robes beside,  
 Saying, Why doth my true Love  
 So sadly here abide ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Yea, twenty lovely Kisses  
 She did on me bestow  
 And forth Abroad a walking,  
 This lovely Maid did go,  
 Yea, Arm and Arm most friendly,  
 With him that was her Foe,  
*Alack, &c.*

But

But when that I had brought her,  
 Where no Body was near,  
 I embraced her most falsely,  
 With a most feigned Chear,  
 Unto the Heart I stabbed  
 This Maiden fair and clear ;  
*Alack, &c.*

My self in woeful manner  
 I wounded with a Knife,  
 And laid my self down by her,  
 By this my married Wife ;  
 And said, that Thieves to rob us,  
 Had wrought this deadly Strife ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Great wailing and great Sorrow,  
 Was then upon each side,  
 In woeful fort they buried  
 This fair and comely Bride,  
 And my Diffimulation  
 Herein was quickly try'd ;  
*Alack, &c.*

And for this cruel Murther,  
 To Death now I am brought ;  
 For this my aged Father  
 Did end his Days in nought ;  
 My *Margaret* at these Tidings  
 Her own Destruction wrought ;  
*Alack, &c.*

Lo, here the doleful Peril,  
 Blind Fancy brought me in,  
 And mark what Care and Sorrow  
 Forc'd Marriages do bring,  
 All Men by me take Warning,  
 And God forgive my Sin ;  
*Alack, for my Love I shall dye.*

M 2

XXXIV. A



# XXXIV. A Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's FALL.

---

To the Tune of, *In Pescod Time, &c.*

---

**M** Ark well my heavy doleful Tale,  
 You loyal Lovers all,  
 And heedfully bear in your Breast,  
 A gallant Lady's Fall :  
 Long was she woo'd e'er she was won,  
 To taste a wedded Life,  
 But Folly wrought her Overthrow,  
 Before she was a Wife.

Too soon, alas, she gave consent  
 To yield unto his Will,  
 Though he protested to be true,  
 And faithful to her still :  
 She felt her Body alter'd quite,  
 Her bright Hue waxed pale,  
 Her fair red Cheeks turn'd Colour white,  
 Her Strength began to fail.

So that with many a sorrowful Sigh,  
 This beauteous Maiden mild,  
 With grievous Heart perceiv'd herself  
 To have conceiv'd with Child :  
 She kept it from her Father's Sight,  
 As close as close might be,  
 And so put on her silken Gown,  
 None might her Swelling see.

Unto

Unto her Lover secretly  
 She did herself bewray,  
 And walking with him Hand in Hand,  
 These Words to him did say :  
 Behold, said she, a Maid's Distress,  
 By Love reduc'd to Woe,  
 Behold I go with Child by thee,  
 But none thereof doth know.

The little Babe springs in my Womb,  
 To hear the Father's Voice,  
 Let it not be a Bastard call'd,  
 Sith I made thee my Choice :  
 Come, come, my Love, perform thy Vow,  
 And wed me out of Hand ;  
 O leave me not in this Extream,  
 In Grief always to stand.

Think on thy former Promise made,  
 Thy Vows and Oaths each one,  
 Remember with what bitter Tears  
 To me thou mad'st thy Moan :  
 Convey me to some secret Place,  
 And marry me with speed,  
 Or with thy Rapier end my Life,  
 E'er further Shame proceed.

Alas, my dearest Love, quoth he,  
 My greatest Joy on Earth,  
 Which way can I convey thee hence,  
 Without a sudden Death ?  
 Thy Friends they be of high Degree,  
 And I of mean Estate,  
 Full hard it is to get thee forth  
 Out of thy Father's Gate.

Oh do not fear to save my Fame,  
 And if thou taken be,  
 My self will step between the Swords,  
 And take the Harm on me ;

M 3

So

So shall I 'scape Dishonour quite,  
 If I perchance be slain ;  
 What could they say but that true Love  
 Had wrought a Lady's Bane.

And dread not any farther Harm,  
 My self will so devise,  
 That I will go away with thee,  
 Unseen of Mortal Eyes :  
 Disguised like some pretty Page,  
 I'll meet thee in the Dark,  
 And all alone I'll come to thee,  
 Hard by my Father's Park.

And there, quoth he, I'll meet thee,  
 If God do lend me Life,  
 And this Day Month without all fail,  
 I will make thee my Wife :  
 Then with a sweet and loving Kifs,  
 They parted presently,  
 And at their parting brinish Tears  
 Stood in each other's Eye.

At length the wish'd for Day was come,  
 On which this beauteous Maid,  
 With lovely Eyes, and strange Attire,  
 For her true Lover staid :  
 When any Person she espy'd,  
 Come riding o'er the Plain,  
 She thought it was her own true Love,  
 But all her Hopes were vain.

Then did she weep, and fore bewail  
 Her most unhappy State,  
 Then did she speak these woeful Words,  
 When Succourless she sat :  
 O false, forsworn, and faithless Wretch,  
 Disloyal to thy Love ;  
 Hast thou forgot thy Promise made,  
 And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

And

And haft thou now forfaken me  
 In this my great Distrefs,  
 To end my Days in open Shame,  
 Which thou might'ft well redrefs.  
 Woe worth the time I did believe  
 That flattering Tongue of thine,  
 Would God that I had never feen,  
 The Tears of thy falfe Eyne.

And thus with many a forrowful Sigh,  
 Homewards ſhe went again,  
 No Reft came in her watery Eyes,  
 She felt ſuch bitter Pain.  
 In Travail ſtrong ſhe fell that Night,  
 With many a bitter Throw,  
 What woeful Pangs ſhe then did feel,  
 Doth each good Woman know.

She called up her Waiting Maid,  
 That lay at her Bed's Feet,  
 Who musing at her Miſtreſs's Woe,  
 Did ſtrait begin to weep :  
 Weep not, ſaid ſhe, but ſhut the Door,  
 And Windows round about,  
 Let none bewail my wretched Caſe,  
 But keep all Perſons out.

O Miſtreſs, call your Mother dear,  
 Of Women you have need,  
 And of ſome ſkilful Midwife's Help,  
 The better you may ſpeed.  
 Call not my Mother for thy Life,  
 Nor call the Women here,  
 The Midwife's Help comes now too late,  
 My Death I do not fear.

With that the Babe ſprang in her Womb,  
 No Creature being nigh,  
 And with a Sigh, that broke her Heart,  
 This gallant Dame did dye :

This living little Infant young,  
The Mother being dead,  
Resign'd his new received Breath,  
To him that had him made.

Next Morning came her Lover true,  
Affrighted at this News,  
And he for Sorrow flew himself,  
Whom each one did accuse :  
The Mother, with the new born Babe,  
Were both laid in one Grave,  
Their Parents overcome with Woe,  
No Joy of them could have.

Take heed, you dainty Damfels all,  
Of flattering Words beware,  
And of the Honour of your Names,  
Have you a special Care :  
Too true, alas, this Story is,  
As many one can tell ;  
By others Harms learn to be wise,  
And you shall do full well.











XXXV. A Tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord *Thomas* and Fair *Ellinor*, together with the Downfal of the Brown Girl.

Lord *Thomas* he was a bold Forrester,  
And a Chafer of the King's Deer;  
Fair *Ellinor* was a fine Woman,  
And Lord *Thomas* he loved her dear.

Come riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, he said,  
and riddle us both as one,  
Whether I shall marry with fair *Ellinor*,  
And let the Brown Girl alone?

The Brown Girl she has got Houses and Land,  
And fair *Ellinor* she has got none,  
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,  
Bring me the Brown Girl Home.

As it befel on a high Holiday,  
As many did more beside,  
Lord *Thomas* he went to fair *Ellinor*,  
That should have been his Bride.

But when he came to fair *Ellinor's* Bower,  
He knocked there at the Ring,  
But who was so ready as fair *Ellinor*,  
For to let Lord *Thomas* in.

What News, what News, Lord *Thomas*, she said,  
What News hast thou brought unto me?  
I am come to bid thee to my Wedding,  
And that is bad News for thee.

O God forbid, Lord *Thomas*, she said,  
That such a thing should be done ;  
I thought to have been thy Bride my own self,  
And you to have been the Bridegroom.

Come riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, she said,  
And riddle it all in one,  
Whether I shall go to Lord *Thomas's* Wedding,  
Or whether I shall tarry at home ?

There are many that are your Friends, Daughter,  
And many that are your Foe,  
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,  
To Lord *Thomas's* Wedding don't go.

There's many that are my Friends, Mother,  
And if a thousand more were my Foe,  
Betide my Life, betide my Death,  
To Lord *Thomas's* Wedding I'll go.

She cloathed her self in gallant Attire,  
And her merry Men all in green,  
And as they rid through every Town,  
They took her to be some Queen.

But when she came to Lord *Thomas's* Gate,  
She knocked there at the Ring ;  
But who was so ready as Lord *Thomas*,  
To let fair *Ellinor* in.

Is this your Bride ? Fair *Ellinor* said,  
Methinks she looks wonderful brown,  
Thou might'st have had as fair a Woman,  
As ever trod on the Ground.

Despise her not, fair *Ellin*, he said,  
Despise her not unto me :  
For better I love thy little Finger,  
Than all her whole Body.

This

This brown Bride had a little Penknife,  
That was both long and sharp,  
And betwixt the short Ribs and the long,  
Prick'd fair *Ellinor* to the Heart.

O Christ now save thee, Lord *Thomas* he said,  
Methinks thou look'st wond'rous wan,  
Thou us'd to look with as fresh a Colour,  
As ever the Sun shin'd on.

Oh, art thou blind ! Lord *Thomas*, she said,  
Or can'st thou not very well see ?  
Oh ! Dost thou not see my own Heart's Blood  
Run trickling down my Knee ?

Lord *Thomas* he had a Sword by his Side,  
As he walk'd about the Hall,  
He cut off his Bride's Head from her Shoulders,  
And threw it against the Wall.

He fet the Hilt against the Ground,  
And the Point against his Heart ;  
There never were three Lovers met  
That sooner did depart.





XXXVI. An excellent Ballad of a  
Noble Marquiss and Patient  
Grissel.

---

To the Tune of, *The Bride's Good-morrow.*

---

*Had I omitted this Story of Patient Grissel, I am afraid the Admirers of old Ballads would accuse me of overlooking one of our most antique Songs. The first Part is entirely written on the same Subject as the Devonshire Nymph, Page 227, but which of the Stories is the best related, I shall leave my Readers to determine. I am afraid the Criticks will cavil at all and some, and such like Expressions, which they'll be apt to say might as well have been omitted. Another Objection they'll probably make is, that the Character of Grissel is out of Nature, and that such an Example of Patience never was. To the first I answer, that it is a Maxim laid down by several, and in the last Place by Hudibras, that one Verse for Sense, and another for Rhyme is sufficient at once; and to vindicate our Poet from the other, it may naturally be supposed that he had unfortunately married a Shrew, and was willing to preach up the Doctrine of*  
*Patience*

*Patience to Wives, by shewing them the Blessings that attend this great uncommon Virtue; and I have inserted it, thinking, that amongst my Readers, I might have some Husbands, who would be glad of carrying such an excellent Song to their Wives.*

A Noble Marquis, -  
 As he did ride a Hunting,  
 Hard by a Forest side,  
 A fair and comely Maiden,  
 As she did sit a spinning,  
 His gentle Eye espy'd;  
 Most fair and lovely,  
 And of a comely Grace was she,  
 Although in simple Attire;  
 She sung full sweetly,  
 With pleasant Voice melodiously,  
 Which set the Lord's Heart on fire.  
 The more he look'd, the more he might,  
 Beauty was his Heart's Delight:  
 And to this Damfel  
 Strait the Noble went,  
 God speed, quoth he, thou famous Flower,  
 Fair Mistrefs of this homely Bower,  
 Where Love and Virtue  
 Dwells with sweet Content.

With comely Gesture.  
 And modest mild Behaviour,  
 She bids him welcome then;  
 She entertained him  
 In faithful friendly manner,  
 And all his Gentlemen:  
 The Noble Marquis  
 In his Heart felt such a Flame,  
 Which set his Senses all at Strife,

Quoth

Quoth he, Fair Maiden,  
 Shew me soon what is thy Name,  
 I mean to make thee my Wife.  
*Griffel* is my Name, quoth she,  
 Far unfit for your Degree;  
 A filly Maiden  
 And of Parents poor.  
 Nay, *Griffel*, thou art rich, he said,  
 A virtuous, fair and comely Maid :  
 Grant me thy Love,  
 And I will ask no more.

At length she consented,  
 And being both contented,  
 They married were with speed ;  
 Her Country Ruffet  
 Was chang'd to Silk and Velvet,  
 As to her State agreed :  
 And when that she  
 Was trimly 'tired in the fame,  
 Her Beauty shin'd most bright,  
 Far staining every other  
 Fair and Princely Dame,  
 That did appear in sight :  
 Many envied here therefore,  
 Because she was of Parents poor,  
 And 'twixt her Lord and she  
 Great Strife did raise :  
 Some said this, and some said that,  
 And some did call her Beggar's Brat,  
 And to her Lord  
 They would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marquis,  
 Quoth they, why didst thou wrong us,  
 Thus basely for to wed,  
 Who might have gotten  
 An honourable Lady  
 Into your Princely Bed ?

Who

Who will not now  
 Your noble Issue soon deride,  
     Which shall hereafter be born,  
 That are of Blood so base  
 Born by the Mothers side,  
     The which will bring them in Scorn ?  
 Put her therefore quite away,  
 And take to you a Lady gay,  
 Whereby your Lineage  
     May renowned be.  
 Thus every Day they seem'd to prate,  
 That malic'd *Griffel's* good Estate,  
 Who all this while  
     Took it most patiently.

When that the Marquis  
 Did see they were bent thus,  
     Against his lawful Wife,  
 Whom he most dearly,  
 Tenderly and entirely  
     Beloved as his Life ;  
 Meaning in secret  
 For to try her patient Heart,  
     Thereby her Foes for to disgrace,  
 Thinking to shew her  
 A hard discourteous Part,  
     That Men might pity her Case ;  
 Great with Child the Lady was,  
 And at last it came to pass,  
 Two goodly Children  
     At one Birth she had ;  
 A Son and Daughter God had sent,  
 Which did their Mother well content,  
 And which did make  
     Their Father's Heart full glad.

Great



Great Royal Feasting  
 Was at these Children's Christening,  
 And Princely Triumph made ;  
 Six Weeks together  
 All Nobles that came thither,  
 Were entertain'd and staid ;  
 And when that all the pleasant  
 Sporting quite was done,  
 The Marquiss a Messenger sent  
 For his young Daughter,  
 And his pretty smiling Son :  
 Declaring his full Intent  
 How that the Babes must murdered be,  
 For so the Marquis did decree :  
 Come let me have  
 The Children then he said ;  
 With that fair *Grissel* wept full sore,  
 She wrung her Hands, and said no more,  
 But my Gracious Lord  
 Must have his Will obey'd.

She took the Babes  
 Even from the Nursing Ladies  
 Between her tender Arms :  
 She often wishes,  
 With many sorrowful Kisses,  
 That she might ease their Harms :  
 Farewell, farewell,  
 A thousand times my Children dear ;  
 Never shall I see you again ;  
 'Tis long of me  
 Your sad and woeful Mother here,  
 For whose sake both must be slain,  
 Had I been born of Royal Race,  
 You might have liv'd in happy Case,  
 But you must dye  
 For my Unworthiness ;

Come

Come Messenger of Death, quoth she,  
Take my dearest Babes to thee,  
And to their Father  
My Complaints exprefs.

He took the Children  
And to his Noble Master  
He bore them thence with fpeed,  
Who in fecret fent them  
Unto a noble Lady,  
To be brought up indeed :  
Then to fair *Griffel*  
With a heavy Heart he goes,  
Where fhe fat mildly all alone :  
A pleafant Gefture,  
And a lovely Look fhe fhow, s  
As if no Grief fhe had known :  
Quoth he, My Children now are flain,  
What thinks fair *Griffel* of the fame ?  
Sweet *Griffel* now  
Declare thy Mind to me.  
Sith you, my Lord, are pleas'd with it,  
Poor *Griffel* thinks this Action fit ;  
Both I and mine  
At your Command will be.

My Nobles murmur,  
Fair *Griffel*, at thy Honour,  
And I no Joy can have,  
'Till thou be banifh'd  
Both from my Court and Prefence,  
As they unjuftly crave :  
Thou muft be ftripp'd  
Of thy brave Garments all,  
And as thou cam'ft to me,  
In homely Grey,  
Inftead of Silk and pureft Pall,  
Now all thy Cloathing muft be.

My Lady thou must be no more,  
Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me fore,  
The poorest Life

Must now content thy Mind :  
A Groat to thee I dare not give,  
Thee to maintain while I do live,  
Against my *Griffel*,  
Such great Foes I find.

When gentle *Griffel*  
Did hear these woeful Tydings,  
The Tears stood in her Eyes,  
Nothing she answer'd,  
No Words of Discontentment  
Did from her Lips arise.  
Her Velvet Gown  
Most patiently she stripped off,  
Her Kertle of Silk with the same :  
Her Ruffet Gown  
Was brought again with many a Scoff,  
To hear them her self she did frame :  
When she was dress'd in this Array,  
And ready for to pass away,  
God send long Life  
Unto my Lord, quoth she ;  
Let no Offence be found in this,  
To give my Lord a parting Kiss,  
With watery Eyes  
Farewel, my Dear, said she.

From Princely Palace  
Unto her Father's Cottage,  
Poor *Griffel* she is gone ;  
Full fifteen Winters  
She lived there contented,  
No Wrong she thought upon :  
And at this time through all  
The Land the Speeches went,  
The Marquiss should married be,

Unto

Unto a Noble Lady,  
Of high Defcent,

And to the fame all Parties did agree.  
The Marquifs fent for *Griffel* fair,  
The Bride's Bed-Chamber to prepare,  
That nothing therein

Might be found awry.  
The Bride was with her Brother come,  
Which was great Joy to all and fome ;  
But *Griffel* took all this  
Moft Patiently.

And in the Morning  
When as they should be wedded,  
Her Patience there was try'd,  
*Griffel* was charged,  
Herself in friendly manner  
For to attire the Bride :  
Moft willingly  
She gave consent to do the fame ;  
The Bride in Bravery was drefs'd,  
And prefently  
The Noble Marquifs thither came,  
With all his Lords at his Request.  
O *Griffel*, I will ask of thee,  
If to this Match thou wilt agree ?  
Methinks thy Looks  
Are waxed wond'rous coy :  
With that they all began to fmile,  
And *Griffel* the reply'd the while,  
God fend Lord Marquifs  
Many Years of Joy.

The Marquifs was moved,  
To fee his best beloved  
Thus Patient in Distrefs ;  
He ftept unto her,  
And by the Hand he took her,  
These Words he did exprefs :

Thou

Thou art my Bride,  
 And all the Brides I mean to have :  
     These two thine own Children be.  
 The youthful Lady  
 On her Knees did Blessing crave,  
     Her Brother as well as she.  
 And you that envy her Estate,  
 Whom I have made my chosen Mate,  
 Now blush for Shame,  
     And honour virtuous Life ;  
 The Chronicles of lasting Fame,  
 Shall evermore extol the Name  
 Of Patient G R I S S E L,  
     My most constant Wife.



XXXVII. The

XXXVII. A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgments shewed on *Ferman's* Wife of *Clifton* in the County of *Nottingham*, who lying in Child-Bed, was borne away, and never heard of afterwards.

---

To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

---

*Amongst the several Subjects I have hitherto entered upon, I have not yet touch'd upon the Miraculous, to the no little Disappointment, I am afraid, of my aged Female Readers, who, like the Justice in the What d'ye Call it, doubtless expect in such a Collection a Competency of Ghosts. To comply with their Taste, I have inserted the two following Songs, which, as they are very extraordinary in their Kind, will, I hope, make some Amends for their waiting so long; the former indeed is a very popular One, and I am well assur'd the latter has its Admirers.*

You

YOU dainty Dames so finely fram'd  
 In Beauty's chieft Mould,  
 And you that trip it up and down,  
 Like Lambs in *Cupid's* Fold,  
 Here is a Lesson to be learn'd,  
 Most wond'rous in its Kind,  
 For such as will prove false in Love,  
 And bear a faithless Mind.

Not far from *Nottingham*, of late,  
 In *Clifton*, as I hear,  
 There dwelt a fair and comely Dame,  
 For Beauty without Peer ;  
 Her Cheeks were like the Crimson Rose,  
 Yet as you may perceive,  
 The fairest Face, the falsest Heart,  
 And soonest will deceive.

This gallant Dame she was lov'd  
 Of many in that Place,  
 And many fought in Marriage Bed  
 Her Body to embrace :  
 At last a handsome proper Youth,  
 Young *Bateman* call'd by Name,  
 In hopes to make a married Wife,  
 Unto this Maiden came.

Such Love and Liking here was found,  
 That he from all the rest,  
 Had stol'n away the Maiden's Heart,  
 And she did love him best ;  
 Then plighted Promise secretly  
 Did pass between them two,  
 That nothing could but Death itself,  
 This true Love's Knot undo.

He brake a Piece of Gold in twain,  
 One half to her he gave,  
 The other as a Pledge, quoth he,  
 Dear Heart my self will have.

If

If I do break my Vow, quoth she,  
 While I remain alive,  
 May never thing I take in hand,  
 Be seen at all to thrive.

This passed on for two Month's space,  
 And then this Maid began  
 To fettle Love and liking too  
 Upon another Man :  
*Ferman*, who a Widower was,  
 Her Husband needs must be,  
 Because he was of greater Wealth,  
 And better in Degree.

Her vows and Promise lately made  
 To *Bateman* she deny'd ;  
 And in Despight both him and his,  
 She utterly defy'd,  
 Well then, quoth he, if it be so,  
 That you will me forsake,  
 And like a false and forsworn Wretch  
 Another Husband take,

Thou shalt not live one quiet Hour,  
 For, surely I shall have  
 Thee either alive or Dead  
 When for thy sake in Grave.  
 Thy faithless Mind thou shalt repent  
 Therefore be thou assured,  
 Then for thy sake thou hear'st Report,  
 What torments I endur'd.

But mark how *Bateman*, dy'd for Love,  
 And finished his Life,  
 That very Day she marry'd was,  
 And made old *Ferman's* Wife,  
 For with a strangling Cord, God wot,  
 Great Moan was made therefore,  
 He hang'd himself in desperate Sort,  
 Before the Bride's own Door.

Whereat



Whereat such Sorrow pierc'd her Heart,  
 And troubled fore her Mind,  
 That she could never after that  
 One Day of Comfort find ;  
 And wheresoever she did go,  
 Her Fancy did surmise,  
 Young *Bateman's* pale and ghastly Ghost  
 Appear'd before her Eyes.

When she in Bed at Night did lye  
 Betwixt her Husband's Arms,  
 In hope thereby to sleep and rest,  
 In Safety without Harms ;  
 Great Cries and grievous Groans she heard  
 A Voice that sometimes cry'd,  
 O thou art she that I must have,  
 I will not be deny'd.

But she now being big with Child,  
 Was for the Infant's sake,  
 Preserved from the Spirit's Power,  
 No Vengeance could it take.  
 The Babe unborn did safely keep,  
 As God appointed so,  
 His Mother's Body from the Fiend,  
 That fought its Overthrow.

But being of her Burthen eas'd,  
 And safely brought to Bed,  
 Her Care and Grief began anew,  
 And farther Sorrow bred :  
 And of her Friends she did intreat,  
 Desiring them to stay,  
 Out of the Bed, quoth she, this Night  
 I shall be borne away.

Here comes the Spirit of my Love,  
 With pale and ghastly Face,  
 Who till he bear me hence away,  
 Will not depart this place.

**Alive**

Alive or Dead I'm his by Right,  
And surely he will have,  
In spite of me and all the World,  
What I by Promise gave.

O watch with me this Night I pray,  
And see you do not sleep,  
No longer than you keep awake,  
My Body can you keep.  
All promised to do their best,  
Yet nothing could suffice,  
At middle of the Night to keep,  
Sad Slumber from their Eyes.

So being all full fast asleep,  
To them unknown which way,  
The Child-Bed Woman that woeful Night  
From thence was borne away ;  
And to what Place no Creature knew,  
Nor to this Day can tell ;  
As strange a Thing as ever yet  
In any Age befel.

You Maidens that would happy prove,  
And would good Husbands chuse,  
The Man whom you did vow to love,  
By no Means do refuse.  
For God that hears all secret Oaths,  
Will dreadful Vengeance take,  
On such that of a wilful Vow  
Do slender Reckoning make.





XXXVIII. The *Suffolk* Miracle : Or,  
A Relation of a Young Man, who  
a Month after his Death appear'd  
to his Sweetheart, and carry'd  
her on Horseback behind him  
for forty Miles in two Hours, and  
was never seen after but in his  
Grave.

---

To the Tune of, *My Bleeding Heart, &c.*

---

A Wonder stranger n'er was known  
Than what I now shall treat upon,  
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell,  
A Farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright,  
On whom he placed his whole Delight ;  
Her Beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both Virtuous and Fair,

There was a young Man living by,  
Who was so charmed with her Eye,  
That he could never be at rest.  
He was by Love so much possest :

He

He made Address to her, and she,  
 Did grant him Love immediately ;  
 But when her Father came to hear,  
 He parted her, and her poor Dear :

Forty Miles distant was she sent,  
 Unto his Brother's, with Intent  
 That she should there so long remain,  
 Till she had chang'd her Mind again.

Hereat this Young Man sadly griev'd,  
 But knew not how to be reliev'd ;  
 He sigh'd and sob'd continually,  
 That his true Love he could not see.

She by no Means could to him send,  
 Who was her Heart's espoused Friend ;  
 He sigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,  
 For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that Doctor's Art  
 Could give no Ease unto his Heart,  
 Who was so strangely terrified,  
 That in short time for Love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away,  
 Knew nothing of his Dying-day,  
 But constant still she did remain,  
 And lov'd the Dead, altho' in vain.

After he had in Grave been laid  
 A Month or more, unto this Maid  
 He came in middle of the Night,  
 Who joy'd to see her Heart's Delight.

Her Father's Horse, which well she knew,  
 Her Mother's Hood and Safe-Guard too,  
 He brought with him, to testify,  
 Her Parents Order he came by.

Which when her Uncle understood,  
 He hop'd it would be for her good,  
 And gave Consent to her straitway,  
 That with him she should come away.

When she was got her Love behind,  
 They pass'd as swift as any Wind,  
 That in two Hours, or little more,  
 He brought her to her Father's Door.

But as they did this great Haste make,  
 He did complain his Head did ache ;  
 Her Handkerchief she then took out,  
 And ty'd the same his Head about :

And unto him she thus did say,  
 Thou art as cold as any Clay ;  
 When we come Home a Fire we'll have ;  
 But little dream'd he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's Door,  
 And after she n'er saw him more :  
 I'll set the Horse up, then he said,  
 And there he left this harmless Maid.

She knock'd, and strait a Man he cry'd,  
 Who's there ? 'Tis I, she then reply'd ;  
 Who wonder'd much her Voice to hear,  
 And was possess'd with Dread and Fear.

Her Father he did tell, and then  
 He star'd like an affrighted Man ;  
 Down Stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
 Cry'd out, My Child, how cam'st thou here ?

Pray Sir, did you not fend for me,  
 By such a Messenger, said she ;  
 Which made his Hair stare on his Head,  
 As knowing well that he was dead :

Where

Where is he ? then to her he said,  
He's in the Stable, quoth the Maid.  
Go in, said he, and go to Bed,  
I'll see the Horfe well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he  
No Shape of any Mankind see,  
But found his Horfe all on a Sweat,  
Which made him in a deadly Fret.

His Daughter he said nothing to,  
Nor none else, tho' full well they knew,  
That he was dead a Month before,  
For fear of grieving her full fore.

Her Father to the Father went  
Of the Deceas'd, with full Intent  
To tell him what his Daughter said,  
So both came back unto this Maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say,  
'Twas he that then brought her away ;  
Which when they heard, they were amaz'd,  
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief she said she ty'd  
About his Head ; and that they try'd,  
The Sexton they did speak unto,  
That he the Grave would then undo :

Affrighted, then they did behold  
His Body turning into Mould,  
And though he had a Month been dead,  
This Handkerchief was about his Head.

This thing unto her then they told,  
And the whole Truth they did unfold ;  
She was thereat so terrified  
And grieved, that she quickly died.

Part not true Love, you rich Men then,  
But if they be right honest Men  
Your Daughters love, give them their way,  
For Force oft breeds their Lives decay.



XXXIX. The



XXXIX. The *Scotch* Lover's Lamentation : Or, *Gilderoy's* last Farewell.

*There is nothing wanting to make this Volume a perfect Medly, and to fit some Ballad to the Taste of every Reader; but the adding of a few old Scotch Songs, and therefore I shall close my Collection with 'em. The Hero of the following Ballad cannot be recorded very much to his Praise, for besides Robberies and common Murders, he is accus'd of Parricide and Incest. It is somewhere said of him, that he set fire to his Mother's House, cut her Throat, ravish'd his Sisters, fled into France, pick'd Cardinal Richlieu's Pocket in the King's Presence, return'd to England, robb'd Oliver Cromwell, hang'd a Judge, and was at length taken and executed in Scotland, a little before the Restoration. As most Stories of this Nature are advanc'd without any good Foundation, but barely upon meer Report, I shall not enter into the Particulars of 'em, nor trouble my Readers with any more Introductions, tho' there be a Story belongiug to Bonny Dundee, for I very much question the Truth of it.*



**G**ILDEROY was a bonny Boy,  
 Had Rofes tull his Shoon,  
 His Stockings made of the fineft Silk,  
 His Garters hanging down :  
 It were a comely Sight to fee,  
 He were fo trim a Boy,  
 He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,  
 My handfome *Gilderoy*.

Oh ! like a Charming Eyne he had,  
 A Breath as fweet as Rofe,  
 He never wore a Highland Plad,  
 But coftly filken Cloaths,  
 He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,  
 There's none to him was coy ;  
 Ah, way is me, ife mourn this Day,  
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.

My *Gilderoy* and I were born  
 Both in one Town together,  
 Not paffing feven Years ago,  
 Since one did love each other ;  
 Our Daddies and our Mammies both  
 Were cloath'd with muckle Joy,  
 To think upon the Bridal-Day,  
 'Twixt me and *Gilderoy*.

For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,  
 Gued Faith ife freely brought,  
 A Wedding-fark of *Holland* fine,  
 With filken Flowers wrought,  
 And he gave me a Wedding-Ring,  
 Which I receiv'd with Joy,  
 No Lad or Laffes e'er could fing,  
 Like me and *Gilderoy*.

In muckle Joy we fpent our time,  
 Till we were both sixteen,  
 Then gently he did lay me down,  
 Among the Leaves fo green.

When

When he had done what he could do,  
 He rose and gang'd his way,  
 But ever since I love the Man,  
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

While we did both together play  
 He kifs'd me o'er and o'er ;  
 Gued Faith it was as Blith a Day  
 As e'er I saw before,  
 He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein,  
 With Love and mickle Joy,  
 But when shall I behold again,  
 Mine own sweet *Gilderoy*.

'Tis pitty Men should e'er be hang'd  
 That take up Women's Geer,  
 Or for their pilfering Sheep or Calf,  
 Or stealing Cow or Mare.  
 Had not our Laws been made so strict  
 Is'd never lost my Joy,  
 Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,  
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amifs,  
 Must he be punish'd then ?  
 What kind of Cruelty is this,  
 To hang such handsome Men !  
 The Flower of the *Scottish* Land,  
 A sweet and lovely Boy :  
 He likewise had a Lady's Hand,  
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,  
 And there God-wot they bang'd him,  
 Carry'd him to fair *Edinburgh*,  
 And there God-wot they hang'd him ;  
 They hang'd him up above the rest,  
 He was so trim a Boy,  
 My only Love and Heart's Delight,  
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,  
 In Cyprus he was laid,  
 Then for my dearest, after Death,  
 A Funeral I made ;  
 Over his Grave a Marble-Stone  
 I fixed for my Joy,  
 Now I am left to weep alone  
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.









**XL.** Bonny *Dundee*: Or, *Fockey's*  
 Deliverance. Being the Valiant  
 Escape from *Dundee*, and the  
 Parson's Daughter, whom he had  
 mow'd.

---

To an Excellent Tune, call'd *Bonny Dundee*.

---

**W** Here gottest thou the *Haver-mill Bonack*,  
 Blind Booby can't thou not see,  
 Ife got it out of the *Scotchman's Wollet*,  
 As he lig loofing him under a Tree,  
*Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,*  
*Come saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,*  
*Come open the Gates, and let me go free*  
*For Ife gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

For I have neither robbed nor stole,  
 Nor have I done any Injury,  
 But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,  
 The Parson's Daughter of bonny *Dundee*,  
*Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,*  
*Come saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,*  
*Come open the Gates, and let me go free,*  
*For Ife gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

Altho' Ife gotten her Maiden-head,  
 Gued Faith Ife given mine in lieu,  
 For when at her Daddy's Ife gang to Bed,  
 Ife mow'd her without any more to do ;

Ife

Ife cuddle her clofe, and gave her a Kifs,  
 Pray tell me now where is the Harm of this,  
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,  
 For Ife gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

All Scotland never afforded a Lafs,  
 So bonny and blith as *Fenny* my Dear,  
 Ife gave her a Gown fo green on the Grafs,  
 But now Ife no longer muft tarry here,  
*Then faddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,  
 For now it is time to gang hence away,  
 Then open the Gates, and let me go free,  
 She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee.*

In Liberty ftill I reckon to range,  
 For why I have done no honeft Man Wrong,  
 The Parfon may take his Daughter again,  
 For she'll be a Mammy before it is long,  
 And have a young Lad or a Lafs of my Breed,  
 Ife think I have done a generous Deed :  
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,  
 For Ife gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

Since *Fenny* the fair was willing and kind,  
 And came to my Arms with ready good Will,  
 A Token of Love Ife leave her behind,  
 That I have requited her Kindnefs ftill,  
 Tho' *Fenny* the fair I often have mow'd,  
 Another may reap the Harveft I fow'd,  
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,  
 She's ken me no more in bonny Dundee.*

Her Daddy would have me to make her my Bride,  
 But Have and to Hold I ne'er could endure,  
 From bonny *Dundee* this Day I will ride,  
 It being a Place not fafe and fe cure ;  
 Then *Fenny* farewell my Joy and my dear,  
 With Sword in my Hand the Paflage Ife clear,  
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,  
 For Ife gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

My

My Father he is a muckle good Laird,  
 My Mother a Lady bonny and gay,  
 Then while I have Strength to handle a Sward,  
 The Parson's Request Ife never obey,  
 Then *Sawny* my Man be thou of my Mind,  
 In bonny *Dundee* wefe ne'er be confin'd,  
*The Gates we will force to set ourselves free,*  
*And never come more to bonny Dundee.*

Then *Sawny* reply'd, Ife never refuse  
 To fight for a Laird so valiant and bold,  
 While I have a Drop of Blood for to lose,  
 E'er any fickle Loon shall keep us in hold,  
 This Sward in my Hand I'll valiantly wield,  
 To fight by your side to kill or be kill'd ;  
*To force open the Gates and set ourselves free,*  
*And so bid Adieu to bonny Dundee.*

With Swards ready drawn they rid to the Gate,  
 Where being deny'd a free Passage through,  
 The Master and Man they fought at that rate,  
 That some ran away, and others they flew ;  
 Thus *Focky* the Laird, and *Sawny* the Man,  
 They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can,  
*In spite of the Looans they set themselves free,*  
*And so bid Adieu to bonny Dundee.*







XLI.      Slighted *Focky* : Or,      Coy  
*Moggy's* unspeakably Cruelty.

COME sweet Lafs,  
 This bonny Weather,  
 Let's together ;  
     Come sweet Lafs  
     Let's trip it on the Grafs,  
 Every where  
 Poor *Fockey* seeks his Dear,  
 And unless you appear,  
 He sees no Beauty here.

On our Green  
 The Loons are sporting,  
 Piping, courting,  
     On our Green  
     The blitheft Lads are seen ;  
 There all Day  
 Our Laffes dance and play,  
 And every one is gay,  
 But I, when you're away.

How can I  
 Have any Pleasure  
 While my Treasure  
     Is not by ?  
     The Rural Harmony  
 Ife not mind,  
 But Captive like confin'd  
 Ife lig in Shades behind,  
 'Cause *Moggy* proves unkind.

There

There is none  
 That can delight me,  
 If you flight me,  
     All alone,  
     If ever make my moan ;  
 Life's a Pain  
 Since by your coy Disdain,  
 Like an unhappy Swain,  
 I sigh and weep in vain.

I could be  
 Right Blith and Jolly ;  
 Melancholly  
     Ne'r should be  
     My fatal Destiny,  
 If I might  
 But have my Love in sight,  
 Whose Angel-beauty bright  
 Was ever my Delight.

Have I not,  
 In *Moggy's* Dances  
 Seen those Glances,  
 Which have shot,  
 And, like a Fowler, caught  
     My poor Heart,  
 Yes, and I feel the Smart  
 Of *Cupid's* fatal Dart,  
 Since we have been apart.

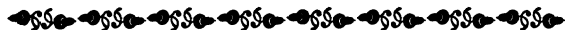
*Femmy* can,  
 With pretty *Nancy*  
 Have his Fancy,  
*Femmy* can,  
 Tho' not so blith a Man,  
     Have his Will,  
 Kifs and enjoy her still,  
 While I on each green Hill,  
 Weep and lament my fill.

I'll

I'll not wear,  
 The Wreath of Willow,  
*Floramella*  
 Charming fair,  
 Shall ease me of my Care ;  
 Who can tell,  
 But she may please as well ?  
 No longer will I dwell  
 In Love's tormenting Cell.



XLIII. The



XLII. *Fockey* and *Fenny*: Or, The  
Yielding Maid.

---

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcel*.

---

'TWAS in the Month of *May*, *Fo*.  
     When *Fockey* first I spy'd,  
 He look'd as fair as Day too,  
     Gud gin I'd bin his Bride :  
 With Cole black Eyne, and Milk white Hand,  
     Ife ne'er yet saw the like,  
 I wish I had gin aw my Land,  
     Ife ne'er had seen the Dike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me,  
     With aw the Signs of Love,  
 Ife thought they would gang thro' me,  
     So fiercely they did move.  
 He tuke me in his eager Arms,  
     Ife made but faint Denials,  
 Ife then, alas, found aw his Charms,  
     Woe worth fuch fatal Tryals.

The bonny Lad at laft *Fo*,  
     Was forc'd tell gang away,  
 But Ife had eane fluck fast tho',  
     Full nine Months from that Day.  
 And now poor *Fenny's* Maidenhead,  
     Shame on't, they find is lost,  
 The little Brat has aw betray'd,  
     Was ever Lafs thus cros'd.

*The*

*The Second PART.*

One Day young *Fenny*, with her Son,  
 She to the Fieds did go,  
 Unto some pleafant Valley, where  
 Sweet fmelling Flow'rs did grow :  
 She fat her felf down on the Ground,  
 With Tears under a Tree,  
 Crying *Fockey* has me betray'd,  
 And will not marry me.

Now *Fockey* was a Miller's Son,  
 Of *Edinburgh* Town,  
 And as fhe fate lamenting there,  
 With Tears upon the Ground :  
 She fee *Fockey* upon a Horfe,  
 Come riding on the Way,  
 And on his Flute, this muckle Lad,  
 Melodiously did play.

So foon as fhe beheld his Face,  
 She ftraitway did arife,  
 To go and meet this bonny Lad ;  
 The Tears flood in her Eyes ;  
 But when fhe came to him, fhe cry'd,  
 You've got my Maiden-head,  
 This Brat has brought my Shame to light,  
 When will you with me wed.

With that *Fockey* he did alight,  
 And with a fweet Embrace,  
 He faid to her, My deareft Dear,  
 To Morrow in this Place,  
 If you'll be fure to meet me here,  
 We to the Kirk will hie,  
 And there, my Dear, the Marriage-Knot,  
 In Love we then will tye.

Then

Then with a Kifs they both did part,  
And met again next Day,  
They were both marry'd after that,  
And Home they went their Way,  
Unto a House, whereas that Day  
In Joy and Mirth was spent,  
Thus *Fenny* she was made a Wife,  
Unto her Heart's content.





### XLIII. *Fockey's Courtship.*

---

A *Scotch* Song by a Person of Quality.

---

**T**Ho' *Fockey* fu'd me long, he met Difsdain,  
 His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain,  
 Give o'er, said I, give o'er,  
 Your filly fond Amour,  
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply ;  
 At last he forc'd a Kifs,  
 Which I took not amiss,  
 And since I've known the Blifs,  
 I'll ne'er deny.

My *Fockey* he had like a Man-like Face,  
 And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,  
 Tho' I cry'd *Fockey*, fie,  
 Your Suit I must deny,  
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield not I.  
 With that he was amaz'd,  
 He kifs'd my Hand and gaz'd,  
 Which so my Passion rais'd,  
 I did comply.

When *Fockey* saw me yield, he me embrac'd,  
 And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waste,  
 My dear, said he, to you,  
 I'll ever be true,  
 And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive,  
 But will for ever love you,  
 And prize none above you,  
 From you I'll ne'er remove  
 You may believe.

Then

Then when you court a Lafs that's coy,  
 Who hears your Love, yet seems to fhun its Joy,  
 If you prefs her to do fo,  
 Ne'er mind her, no, no, no,  
 But trust her Eyes :  
 For Coynefs gives denial,  
 When ſhe wiſhes for the Tryal,  
 Tho' ſhe ſwears you ſhan't come nigh all,  
 I am ſure ſhe lies.







#### XLIV. The *Scotch* Lass's Complaint for the loss of her Maidenhead.

UPON my Way from *Fife* to *Aberdeen*,  
 Ife met the bonniest Lad as e'er was seen,  
 Black Eyne, and Ruby Lip, and on each Brow  
 Sat Charms, as made me love Ife know not how,  
 With muckle Joys and Raptures he me embrac'd,  
 And cast his folding Arms about my Waste,  
 And was so lovely brisk and blith that I,  
 To *Fockey's* Love was forc'd soon to comply.

But he, aweladay, false perjured Loon,  
 No sooner had enjoy'd me but was gone ;  
 With scornful Smiles he left me all alone,  
 Unto the senseless Trees to make my Moan ;  
 For faithless *Fockey's* fake, Ife henceforth sware,  
 Ife never will believe what Loons say mare :  
 But Ife will gang and wander up and down,  
 And hide my Head where *Fenny* is not known.

Ah me ? poor silly Wretch, how soon undone !  
 Thus for one Moment's Joy to lig alone ;  
 Sigh, sob, complain, and with vain Hopes beguile  
 Sad Time away ; but he, false Loon, the while  
 Brags o'er his Conquest, is with *Fenny* cloy'd,  
 And now unkindly flights what he enjoy'd :  
 Then Lasses never trust, lest you complain,  
 'Gainst Fate, and sigh, as *Fenny* does, in vain.

For Loons have Wiles, poor Lasses to undo,  
 First to ensnare, then make them buckle too,  
 With thousand Oaths protest that they adore  
 Thy Beauty more than any seen before ;

But

But when the Traytors do their End obtain,  
What eagerly they courted they'll disdain,  
Will with contemptuous Pride insult on her,  
That e'er the Knot is ty'd, resigns her Honour.

*F I N I S .*





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